SATURDAY NIGHT

JULY 12, 1952 10 CENTS

DRUM NO LONGER FEARED

by R. A. Farquharson

ORANGE DRUMS, which for generations sounded political alarm in Ontario, just as jungle drums spread voodoo fear in Africa, will be heard again this week, as they have been heard every July Twelfth in Canada for 140 years. But this year only the drums will be heard; the political overtones have faded into history. The Orange Order has lost its political power.

In so-called Orange Toronto, once known as the Belfast of Canada, 6,000 will join the historic walk if the parade is as large as last year. In 1929, 17,000 turned out. All over Canada Orangemen will parade but in proportion to population the largest turn-out will be in Newfoundland. A check through newspapers indicates that the Orange Order has not changed in its objectives; the speeches have not changed. But the headlines reveal how much the order has declined in its relative news value.

The Order refuses to issue membership figures. When it was in its heyday in the 1870's and 1880's, there were 2,000 lodges, and out of a total voting strength in Ontario of under 500,000 one in five voters was believed to be an Orangeman. Historian Arthur Lower in his "Colony to Nation" claims that in this period religious hatred accounted for political change to a greater degree than did national policies; in many an Ontario rural riding the election issue was still the Battle of the Boyne.

The Orange Order has an enviable record of philanthropic achievement. It maintains orphanages in six provinces. It paid $85,000 in excess of legal claims to dependents of members killed overseas in the First War. It has been consistent throughout its history in its religious beliefs.

But to most readers of Canadian political history there is no regret that political power has faded from an organization formed in another country to combat religious differences of another age. When that power was at its height, governments listened when the Orange drum roared.

BACK in 1849 when a Montreal mob burned the parliament buildings and rotten-egged Lord Elgin, the Governor General wrote in his despatches: "The whole row is the work of the Orange Societies, backed by the commercial men who desire annexation and the political leaders who want places."

In 1860 the Prince of Wales touring Canada declined to land at Kingston and at Belleville unless the Orange arches were removed. The arches stayed up; crowds waiting to see the Prince did not see him. Orangemen persisted. In Toronto they stuck up their insignia over the main entrance to St. James Cathedral while the Prince was attending the services. His Royal Highness again outwitted them by leaving the church through the vestry.

In 1877 an Orangeman was clubbed to death during the July 12 parade in Montreal. Orange bitterness when Prime Minister Alexander Mackenzie did not act on demands for federal intervention to

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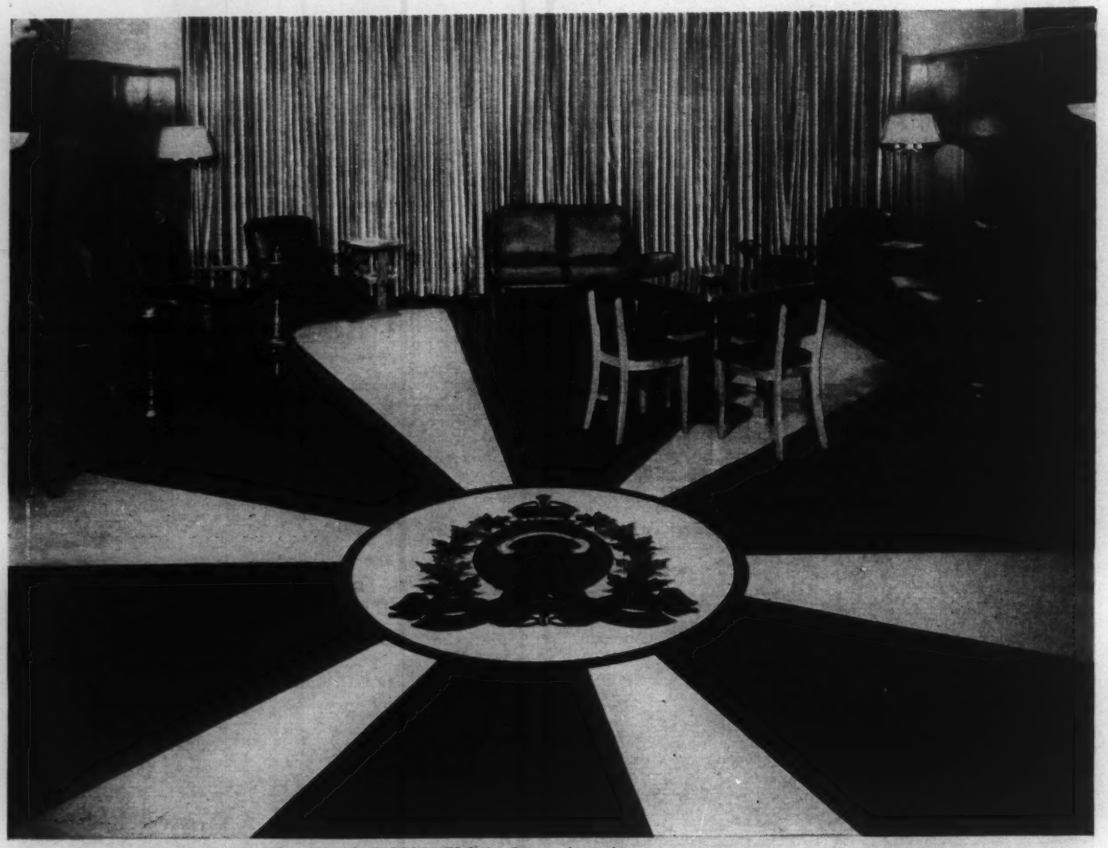
—Marcel Ray

A BOY, A TRIUMPHANT GRIN AND TWO FINE FISH SPELL SUCCESS TO ANGLING ENTHUSIASTS.

A Real Air Defence Is Possible . . . . . C. L. Annis
Canadians Own More of Canada . Michael Barkway



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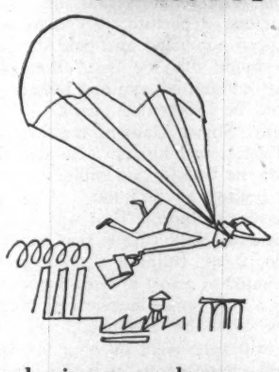

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NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

QUARANTINE PRACTICES, says ROBIN COUTTS, are largely outdated, and in some cases downright useless. Doctors would like to see legislation passed to bring the problem of communicable diseases up to date . . . To be a judge in Canada, it helps to be an active supporter of the right political party, says GILBERT R. SCHMITT, of the University of Saskatchewan . . . MAUD FERGUSON, Ottawa free-lance writer, discusses the steps that have been taken to transform our federal penitentiaries from mere animal cages to rehabilitation centres . . . The jungle of the Upper Amazon is being opened to European immigrants, with modern science making formerly impenetrable areas accessible . . . MICHAEL YOUNG discusses the present and future significance of the announcement that steam locomotives will be replaced by diesel, made by President Gordon of the CNR . . . Hudson River Valley is a historical and scenic wonderland, SN's travel department reports.

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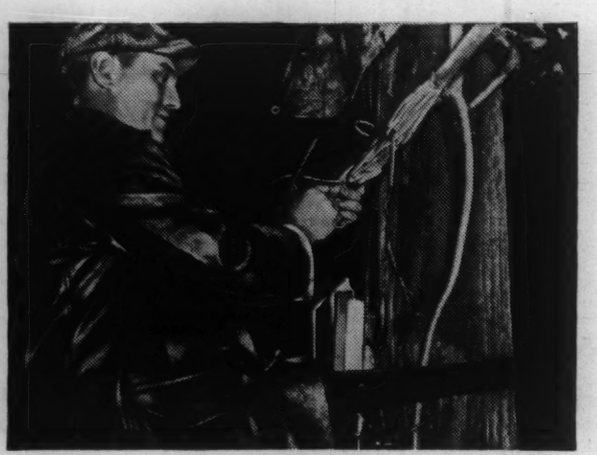

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OTTAWA VIEW

NEW ACT AGAINST COMBINES

by Michael Barkway

THE Honorable Senators were disturbed: there was no doubt about it. They were considering, in their Banking and Commerce Committee, the new Combines Act. It had sailed through the House of Commons with remarkably little opposition, in strange contrast to the fuss over resale price maintenance which was less far-reaching than this.

Business representatives had specially asked to be heard by the Senate Banking Committee rather than by a committee of the other house. It was a shrewd choice in that the Senators gave them a more sympathetic hearing than they might have got in the House. But it was a mistake in that the Senate's sympathy is apt to have less practical effect.

The chief business witnesses were from the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and the Chambers of Commerce. They approved the first of the big changes in the bill, which is to divide the functions of the Combines Commissioner. One half of him becomes a "Director of Investigation and Research" with responsibility for examining and seeking out possible combines which might be illegal. The other half becomes a full-blown Restrictive Trade Practices Commission with three members. The Commission has to hear the evidence the Director turns up and the representations of anybody who may be affected. Only the Commission is empowered to present reports to the Minister of Justice and have them published; and even then it is not to judge whether a combine exists, but present the evidence.

THE businessmen and the senators liked this. What disturbed them was the other main feature of the bill, which empowers the courts, in certain circumstances, to issue orders to forbid practices making for combines or to break up existing monopolies. The Manufacturers' Association, rather surprisingly, did not object to this. The Chamber of Commerce did. Senator Farris, the Chairman, looking like the perfect senator with his mop of white hair, called their representatives to sit beside him. H. H. Lank and the others looked suitably like tough businessmen, but between them sat Robert M. Fowler, president of the Pulp and Paper Association, looking urbane, elegant and youthful.

"This is an entirely new principle of criminal law," said Fowler. "This amounts to a persecution of respectable businessmen," said some of the more peppery senators. "If there's a new offence, there should be a new prosecution," said Senator Farris. "It's a copy of the Sherman anti-trust act from the United States," said others. "Let us not ape something that was done somewhere else and has not worked too well even there," said Fowler.

The clause at which all this was directed is one which comes into effect after the successful prosecution of a combine. It says that if a person (which includes a company) is convicted of a combines offence, the court can order him not to go on doing the same things, or to do whatever is necessary to break up the merger or trust. It could do this at any time after the conviction, according to the bill passed by the Commons. Moreover, the courts could issue an order to stop a person who is "about to do or likely to do" anything which would be an offence under the Combines Act.

The legal senators said this was a dangerous departure. "A man who has been convicted and paid the penalty should then be free," they said. If he committed another offence he should be prosecuted again.

Then Stuart Garson, the Minister of Justice, had his say. He said that so far the fine for a combines offence was limited to $25,000. (This bill removes the limit.) That was nothing compared to the profits that could be made from running a combine. It amounted to a sort of licensing system with a very small licence fee, because firms could be convicted, pay their fine and keep right on with the same illegal arrangements as before. It was nonsense to say that this was copied from the Sherman Act. Under the American law the courts could order the break-up of combines as a matter of equity. The Canadian procedure was all under the Criminal Law.

BUT GARSON offered one concession. He agreed that perhaps people shouldn't be under penalty of injunction for ever after one conviction. He was ready to accept a time limit. Senator Hugesson suggested five years. Senator Haig wanted two. Garson said he'd settle for three. The senators settled for this concession. The contentious clauses were adopted.

The recommendations of the McQuarrie Committee, which Senator Lambert said he found "very academic," are thus being carried out. It may be a new legal principle; some people still doubt if it is constitutional. But Garson says the Government has considered it very carefully and believes it is. It certainly starts a new era in the tangled field of anti-monopoly legislation. Mackenzie King's faith that publicity was enough to stop business monopolies or restrictive practices has been abandoned in the light of experience. The Government and the Courts now have a big stick with which to make people free. But it still remains to be seen how far competition can be imposed on businesses that find it cosier to cooperate.

The man who always insisted that capitalism must lead to the formation of big trusts was Karl Marx, familiar in other connections.

In the Commons the all-party committee on procedure managed to come up with some minor recommendations for changing the hours of

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EDITORIALS

Change in Sessions Needed at Ottawa

THE CORONATION on June 2 next year provides the justification for starting the 1953 parliamentary session at the end of November instead of the end of January. As Mr. St. Laurent said, this may well turn out to be a more satisfactory timetable for future years too. The one month of sittings before Christmas should enable the House of Commons to get through its precious (and largely futile) debate on the Reply to the Speech from the Throne. What is more important it should enable the Government to introduce, but not pass, all its important legislation. Later stages of the legislation should be left till after the Christmas recess. This would give the opposition and the public a right which is too often denied them. That is a chance to study the Government's bills with care and at leisure.

Such procedure would stop, or at least check, the lazy habit which has become almost normal whereby the Government broods over its bills in private till the very last minute and then expects Parliament to pass them as fast as it can read them—if indeed members will insist on reading them. It would immeasurably reduce the amount of time wasted in the House, because the Opposition would have time not only to study the legislation themselves but also to get reactions from the country before they have to take a position on it. Moreover presentation of the legislative program as a coherent whole at the beginning of the session would remove the perennial doubt, which dogs every Parliament, about what the Government will pull out of its sleeve next. The parliamentary process, which is the only really sacrosanct part of our system would be improved.

The only people who would suffer inconvenience are ministers, and they are in no conceivable sense sacrosanct. They would have to expedite or stop the interminable departmental discussions which hold up bills till the last possible moment. They would have to show, collectively in the Cabinet, much more decision and forethought than they are in the habit of showing. Indeed, to be practical, there is no remote chance of this important reform being accomplished unless the Prime Minister will enforce some badly-needed discipline on his colleagues. Ministers must be told that if their legislation is not ready, approved and finalized by the time Parliament meets it will have to wait till the following session. Consideration by the public is just as important a prelude to enactment as consideration by ministers and civil servants. They have no monopoly of wisdom.

How to Win Friends

WOULDN'T it have been nice to read recently "Army Flies Son to Dying Mother" and "Airwoman Returns; Prefers Service Life to Civvy Street"? Instead, what did we get? A "heartless" Army and a "brutal" RCAF.

In Ottawa the Adjutant-General and the Air Member for Personnel must be having some interesting moments; the chief sound which comes from the capital is that of the gnashing teeth of the PRO's. How they must envy the great capacity which some service types have of getting reams of publicity, and publicity of the wrong sort.

Out of some experience we suggest a simple remedy. Young Canadians, particularly in peacetime service, just don't like being kicked around. From this it emerges that all decisions concerning personnel should be subject to approval at a high staff level. The work involved would more than offset the damage done by careless decisions. In the cases noted above the Army officer knew his "book" and apparently little else; the Air Force commander had a greater gift of inept phrases than of imagination.

Ineptitude in personnel matters is not peculiar to any one service; recently it was the naval kit which was in the wringer. Wasn't it the senior service which permitted the "phoney" medical officer to "operate" on Canadian sailors in Korea?

Newfoundland's University

NEWS about a boom of sorts in Newfoundland is making headlines these days. The province is carrying out a determined search for new resources—mineral and otherwise. Canadians everywhere are watching closely the successful sales efforts of Premier Smallwood and his colleagues to line up European industrialists for the island's economy. We are also cheered by another line of development that Newfoundland is following: the Newfoundland Memorial University has entered upon a new era. Under its status as a degree-conferring institution (since three years ago), the university makes an increasingly important contribution to the higher educational facilities of the Maritimes.

Just recently the Government announced that a start will be made this year on a new university building. It will be built on a commanding site in St. John's suburbs with plenty of available land for additional buildings. The sum of $500,000 was voted by the Government; another $100,000 came from private sources and federal grants.

After twenty-four years of fine leadership Dr. A. G. Hatcher steps down as President and Vice-Chancellor. He is succeeded by Mr. Raymond Gushue, CBE, LIB, able Chairman of the Newfoundland Fisheries Board and head of the federal fisheries branch in the province. The Chancellor of the university is the Rt. Hon. Viscount Rothermere, who recently accepted the position.

Iron Curtain Refugees

THOSE MANY CANADIANS who cheered when the Freedom Train Czechs and the young Poles who flew to Sweden were brought to Canada will, we hope, be glad to learn that they can help the organization which struck these shrewd blows for the cause of freedom, the International Rescue Committee. It is currently in a very serious position, though it operates on a modest scale.

Actually, the main work of the IRC is not bringing out such sensational escapees but the rescue and placement of professional people, of whom over a hundred have been brought to Canada since last fall, only two remaining unplaced. If you wish to help or to hear more about the work the address of the International Rescue Committee is 331 Bay Street, Toronto.

Oil and Gas

UNDRAMATICALLY and by means of a tacit rather than a formal understanding between the federal government and the Alberta govern-

ment, Canada is evolving a policy on oil and gas which so far is highly satisfactory. The passage of time is more and more confirming the wisdom of Alberta's cautious policy about permitting exports from the province; and the key decision to license export from the northern Peace River area, earlier than from the south, has done more than anything else to formulate a coherent policy for Canada.

Almost every day brings a new sign of the huge potential of gas and oil resources in the north. The seven rigs now working in the Fort St. John area of British Columbia and the twenty-three rigs working in the Alberta Peace River country are getting highly gratifying results. The regulatory bodies in Canada and the United States rightly "come from Missouri". They have to be shown the reserves before they will license pipeline construction.

But that lively Calgarian, Mr. Frank McMahon, and his backers in the Westcoast Transmission Company are well on their way to proving all the reserves which either the Board of Transport Commissioners or the U.S. Federal Power Commission should want. It will be very strange if they do not get the necessary permits to build their line down to Vancouver and the Pacific Northwestern states.

From the national Canadian point of view this pipeline makes every kind of sense. It helps to open up the most promising "frontier country" left in Canada. It supplies west-coast requirements without drawing anything from the reserves which will eventually be piped east; and it leaves Alberta with all the gas it can want in those more accessible parts of the province which will be the first to be industrialized. The big question for the future is whether, when the time comes for the export of gas from southern Alberta, it should go to the mid-Continent market in the U.S. or to the industrial areas of Ontario and Quebec. We have our own decided preference, but the problem is not yet immediate.

Ahead of the Joneses

A STATISTICIAN in the *Financial Post* has made the discovery that the three commonest names in Canada do not include Jones. Smith and Brown are at the top, as everybody would naturally expect, but Wilson and Taylor are quite substantially more common than Jones, which ranks fifth. The statistician's figures are corroborated by, if indeed they were not actually drawn from, the Toronto telephone directory; and we ought to add that in that directory the Smiths head the list without any aid whatever from the Smyths, the Smythes, the Smithes (yes, there is one), the Schmidts, the Smits, or any other variants, and the Browns come second without any help from the Brownes.

Our own theory about this unexpectedly poor showing on the part of the Joneses is that they are being worn out. For a generation or more everybody else has been busy trying to keep up with the Joneses, and the Joneses must of course have been equally busy trying to keep in the lead. This is an exhausting business, and is the kind of thing that would lead to smaller families, early mortality and even emigration, though not to the United States where keeping up with the Joneses is even more prevalent than here.

Without doing much statistical research ourselves we think that the Robinsons, the third member of the once famous trinity of Brown, Jones and Robinson, would come in sixth place. If the McDonalds and the Macdonalds would get together they could nose them out, but that of course is too much to expect or even to hope for.

Combines Director

UNDER the new Combines Act passed by Parliament at the last session the office of Combines Commissioner, to which Mr. F. A. McGregor's resignation brought national fame three years ago, will cease to be both prosecutor and judge in combines cases. The charge that he combined both functions under the old act arose from his responsibility not only to investigate alleged combines but also to make a report (which had to be published) reaching conclusions on the evidence he had collected. Actually he never had the responsibility for launching prosecutions. His duty ended with the publication of his report; prosecution remained in the discretion of the Government.

—Capitol Press

MR. T. D. MACDONALD

Since Mr. McGregor's resignation in 1949, the office has been held by Mr. T. D. Macdonald, a Nova Scotia lawyer of remarkable capacity. Mr. Macdonald's functions will be cut in half by the new act. If, as is expected, he becomes the new Director of Investigation and Research, his business will be to investigate suspected combines and lay his evidence before the new three-man commission. Only the Commission will be empowered to decide whether to make a report which shall be published.

Mr. Macdonald, characteristically, supports this new division of powers. He is the kind of canny Nova Scotian who is more interested in seeing that a job is done thoroughly and reliably than in who gets the glory or the power. His own career might well have given him grander ideas. He was Deputy Attorney-General of Nova Scotia at the age of 32, spent most of the war overseas with the RCAF, came to Ottawa in 1949 as a senior counsel and Superintendent of Insurance in the Department of Justice, and succeeded Mr. McGregor in the following year. He is still only 43. But he is not the sort of man to harbor ideas of grandeur. He is meticulous, painstaking and completely thorough. Whatever role he is destined to fill under the new act, the Canadian public can be sure that his job will be conscientiously done, and Canadian business will recognize that it is safe from any hasty conclusions.

End of Ornamental Army

THE FIRST day of July 1867 was marked by the firing of a *feu-de-joie* by the garrisons of Montreal, Kingston, Quebec, Toronto, Hamilton, London and doubtless several other places in honor of what a contemporary journal called "Confederation Day . . . the natal day of Confederate Canada." None of the armed forces of Canada fired a *feu-de-joie* on the first day of July 85 years later. They had other and more important things to do.

The disappearance of the ornamental side of military life is one of the saddest but most convincing proofs of the change in the character of the times that has taken place during the lifetime of this Dominion. In the middle of the 19th century the armed forces provided in Canada a great deal of the spectacular entertainment for which we now resort to the theatre, the cinema and the grandstand shows of such institutions as the Canadian National Exhibition. The soldiery had plenty of time left over after studying the simple techniques of killing the enemy with the then available mechanical devices, and were able in their spare moments to practise many impressive manoeuvres which had no relation to the battlefield. The Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace, and the Musical Ride in Canada, seem to be among the few survivors of those happy days, and the Musical Ride may be on the way out.

The techniques of modern warfare have become so enormously complicated that it takes the fighting man all his time to perfect his skill in whatever small specialty happens to be his particular assignment. We do not therefore ask him to entertain us with wholly useless accomplishments. The Canadian soldiery who fired the *feu-de-joie* of 1867 expected to meet no enemy more dangerous than the Métis of the North-West or the Fenians of New York State—troublesome fellows, all of them, but not a very serious threat to the Canadian Way of Life. The Canadian soldiery of today have to prepare themselves to meet a possible enemy with all the resources of modern science at his disposal.

O (New-style) Pioneers!

WHAT might develop into an odd confusion of the past and present seems to be going on in Alberta these days. In the northern part of the Province—in the Battle River district about 400 miles north of Edmonton—a new wave of homesteaders has moved in. In one day 120 applicants filed homesteads on 38,000 acres. Altogether the Provincial Government hopes to attract 500 settlers to the Peace River territory, which includes Battle River.

At the same time, the Southern Alberta Pioneers' and Oldtimers' Association is planning to construct a memorial in the Parkhill district of Calgary. The memorial is to be a log cabin with modern features such as stone trimming and picture windows. It will be designed as a museum to house the relics, pictures and documents of Southern Alberta's first citizens, and also as a meeting place for members of the Association.

These two events symbolize the juxtaposition of the past and the present that seems so much a part of the story of the Prairie Provinces. Scarcely has a sod been broken up in the Battle River district than the early settlers have passed into history and are enshrined by a Society pledged to keep their memory green.

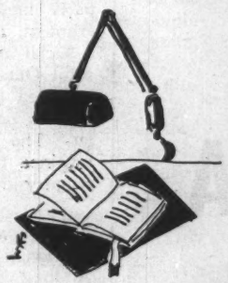
EXPERTS DISAGREE

A CANADIAN PHILOSOPHY?

by B. K. Sandwell

IS THERE a Canadian philosophy? Should there be a Canadian philosophy? If there is no specifically Canadian philosophy, what is the favorite philosophy, of whatever origin and tendency, among Canadian philosophers?

It seems a pity that these questions cannot very well be submitted to a sort of Gallup Poll of Canadian philosophers, which, however, would have to be conducted along British Columbia lines, with plenty of scope for second and third choices, if any accurate result is to come from it. There is plenty of difference of opinion among the professional philosophers as to what is the favorite philosophy in Canada, and they get pretty bitter about it.



Professor George P. Grant of Dalhousie recently stirred up a hornets' nest among them by his paper in the Massey "Royal Commission Studies", and it is not impossible that this led to the subsequent publication of "Philosophy in Canada: a Symposium" (U. of T. Press, $1), containing contributions by four Canadian professors of philosophy; Anderson, Irving, Lodge and Allison H. Johnson, and one formerly Canadian professor now at Yale, Professor Hendel. They all disagree with Professor Grant, and they do not by any means agree among themselves.

MR. ANDERSON takes strong exception to Mr. Grant's statement that "the chief schools of thought in Canada among energetic philosophers in the 1920's and 1930's were pragmatism and positivism", and both Irving and Hendel suggest that U.S. philosophical 'isms have had very little influence in this country. But Mr. Johnson is by no means so sure about pragmatism, and finds that that brand of thinking has had considerable influence here in the persons of Gregory Vlastos, now himself in the United States, and W. C. Kierstead. Nobody seems at all concerned about the positivism which alarms Mr. Grant, and as a matter of fact it is doubtful whether there are many people in the world today who care to call themselves positivists, though there may be some followers of Comte marching under another flag.

It was not, however, Mr. Grant's views about the two P's that stirred up the hornets' nest; it was his general denunciation of the philosophy departments of the Canadian universities (other than Roman Catholic ones) for not doing their job, his crediting of other university departments with most of the best current philosophical writing, his definition of the task of philosophy as being "the analysis of the traditions of our society and the judgment of those traditions against our varying intuitions of the Perfection of God", and finally his denunciation of "the dream of modern philosophy—that it might free itself from its traditional dependence upon the theological dogmas of faith", a dream which he says Canadian philosophers have shared with the rest of the western world.

In view of the well-known jealousies between university departments, it was probably the remark that the significant philosophical works of today in Canada "are not so much coming from the men in the philosophy departments proper as from men whose studies are in one of the specialized fields" that started the hornets buzzing. Mr. Grant cited the late Professor Cochrane and Professors Frye, Woodhouse and Innis as proofs of his contention. Perhaps another jab at the nest was an expression of regret at "one difficulty of having Englishmen as our leading teachers of philosophy", the difficulty that they were "unable to transpose the vital issues of philosophy into sufficiently Canadian terms to make them of burning interest to young Canadians." (The context, one hastens to add, makes it clear that "Englishmen" does not exclude Scots!) Mr. Grant, it seems fairly certain, would answer our Gallup Poll questions with: "There is no Canadian philosophy. There should be one. The favorite philosophy of Canadian philosophers (such as they are) is independent of theological dogmas and ought not to be."

MR. GRANT is distressed to find that the content of the teaching in the Faculty of Arts at Queen's University, which 50 years ago was a Presbyterian institution, is now "almost entirely secular", and asks apprehensively: "If to be non-denominational means to be non-religious, is philosophy (as a general university subject) to be taught as a secular study?" Well, Mr. Hendel evidently thinks that it is. He tells us that there is a certain ground of community between French Canada and British Canada: "The Catholic philosophy and the secular philosophy which we have been reviewing have in common an ideal of universalism. . . They transcend nationalism and concern themselves with humanity." There is in Canada an implicit moral philosophy, and it is "the conception of those cardinal human values by which the community should live—justice, liberty, tolerance."

Philosophy, then, can be at the same time "secular" and "moral". It should concern itself with cardinal

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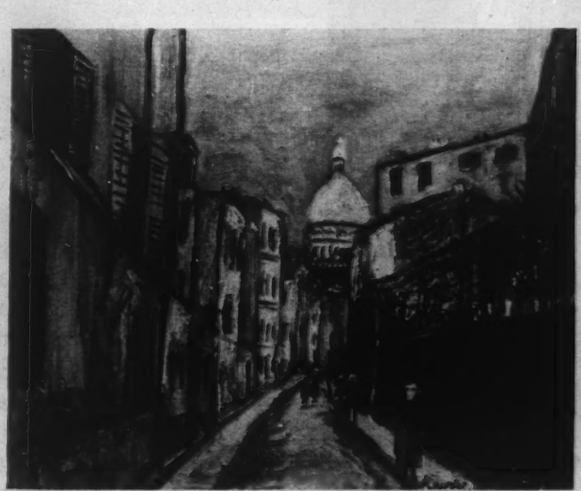

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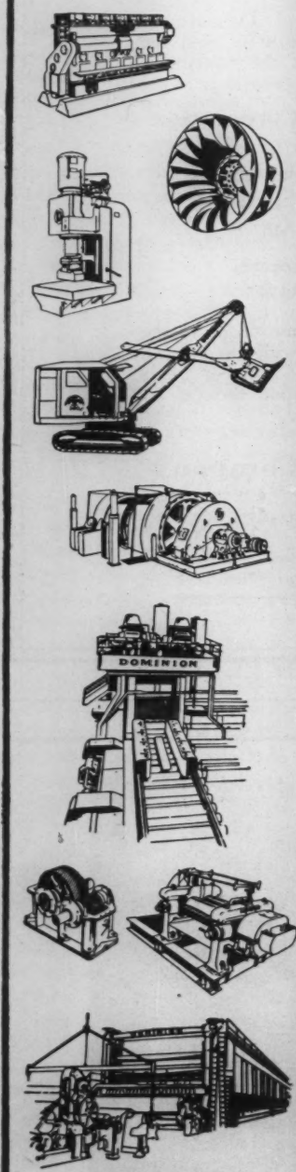
human values, not with isolatable facts like the sciences. In so doing it is unlikely to get very far without running into those admittedly varying but also admittedly not too widely varying, "intuitions of God" with which Mr. Grant started, for in the total absence of God such things as justice, liberty and tolerance are very difficult of apprehension, and get themselves apprehended in very peculiar and misleading ways. This seems a somewhat different thing from explicitly tying itself up with any particular theology, and on that point some light is shed by the paper on Philosophy in French Canada in the Royal Commission book, written by Dean de Koninck of Laval.

He says that the Catholic philosopher "cannot take a purely negative attitude in regard to non-Catholic philosophies. He should on the contrary, as advised by St. Augustine, profit by them to examine with greater care our own positions, in order to grasp them more fully and to teach them with more application, so that every question raised by an adversary may become a means to our own enlightenment." There is no suggestion there that the conscientious study of any kind of philosophy is detrimental to faith—but the faith must be there to begin with.



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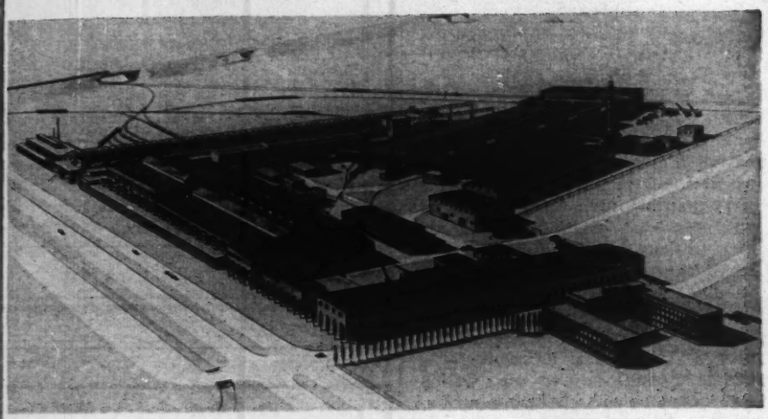

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ORANGE DRUM

CONTINUED FROM COVER

capture the men responsible is one of the reasons given for Mackenzie's defeat at the next election.

But the bitterest clash of all came when Louis Riel, who had executed the Orangeman Thomas Scott during the Red River Rebellion, was sentenced to hang after the Northwest Rebellion. Orangemen led the demand for his execution and were largely responsible for creating the situation that has since led to French Canadians being predominantly Liberal.

Orange effectiveness in Ontario politics ended when the United Farmers of Ontario in 1919 broke through party lines to form a Farmer's Government. The Orange lodge had been a social as well as political force in rural Ontario. The new UFO clubs provided a more effective social, as well as political and economic, outlet. The Orange lodges have never regained their power in the Ontario countryside.

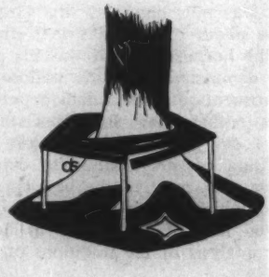
In Toronto the Orange order traditionally dominated the City Hall. A long line of Protestant mayors were all Orangemen; all participated in the July Twelfth Walk. To be included in the Orange slate just about meant election. A candidate taken up by the Orangemen and also by *The Evening Telegram* could ignore all the other newspapers. Anyone with civic ambitions first of all joined the order.

And then the change came. The Orange order and *The Telegram* seemed to decline together. Aldermen found it did not help to be an Orangeman. If they were already members, they ceased to work at it. They wore a badge on July 12 and forgot about the order the rest of the year.

Finally *The Telegram* changed owners and the once militant Orange daily not only called for a Canadian envoy to the Vatican but also started to run a weekly column by Cardinal McGuigan.

A check of six aldermen this week revealed that not one of them knew whether the Orange order still issues a slate of preferred candidates just before the annual Toronto election. What's more, they did not seem to care.

The fife-and-drum boys still march. The Orange Young Britons still wear their ribbons. King Billy on his white horse marshals the parade. The huge war drums imported from Ulster still boom. But it is now a quaint spectacle. It has lost its political significance.



A Real Air Defence Is Possible

Lessons that the RCAF has learned from the Luftwaffe's mistakes hold out real hope of defence of this continent

by Air Commodore C. L. Annis

THE BELIEF seems to be prevalent that if the calamity of another general war should ever come, enemy bombers would at once start making deep and devastating penetrations into the homelands of our Western nations, and our bombers, similarly, into the homelands of our enemies, whether or not an air defence system barred the way. I want to destroy this illusion, because illusion is really what it amounts to.

A few years ago we did think for a while that the performance of our Western bombers was so high relative to the performance of our potential Soviet enemy's fighters, that if the need ever came, we might reach his vital homeland targets straightaway with unescorted bombers. But production by Russia of so many high performance fighters so much sooner than had been expected, and a similar achievement in the production of radar is rapidly dissolving that hope.

The outlook would now be for need to destroy her fighter defence before we could reach her homeland vitals consistently with the airborne destruction which, when it does reach home, can wound mortally so quickly. It is exactly the same with regard to an air invasion of North America.

I recall seeing in a magazine article some months ago an estimate by the civilian author that the accurate dropping of somewhere around a hundred atomic bombs on strategically selected North American targets would certainly knock out the "arsenal of democracy", especially if they were exploded within a period of three to four months.

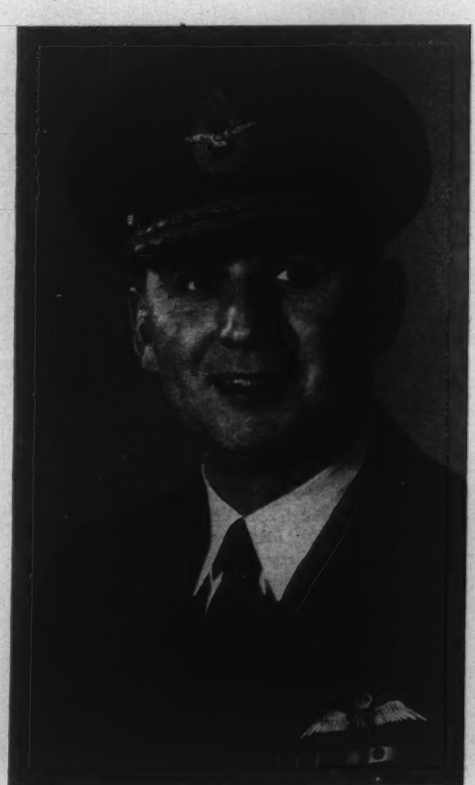
I MAKE NO COMMENT on how accurate I think this estimate is of the number of bombs needed to knock out North America; but even if it were fairly wide of the mark it still serves to give an idea of how few bombs some students of this question consider might be necessary.

A study of the history of the strategic air offensive against Germany in the last war shows that the majority of the damage which caused Germany to be labelled as "mortally wounded" by January, 1945, occurred within a period of about only four months, dating from the previous September. Since then, the introduction of the atomic bomb has so raised the destructive load-carrying potential of strategic bombers that, in some respects, a dozen strategic bombers today would be the equivalent of many thousands in September, 1944.

But what I have said so far about the potential disruptive powers of a strategic air offensive is only a part of the story. It is necessary also to look at the limitations imposed on a strategic air *offensive* in the face of a well-organized strategic air *defensive*.

The history of the German air experience in the last war shows quite conclusively that real air defence is possible. Though the speeds, ceilings, ranges and armaments of both fighters and bombers have since increased substantially, and have been accompanied by roughly corresponding increases in range, heights, discrimination and reliability in ground and airborne radars, the basic principles of strategic air warfare and the conclusions to be drawn for the future have not changed at all.

The problem for the bomber offensive has always been how to reach its target without suffering such losses that ability to sustain the offensive is sacrificed. In certain cases, if enough of the desired targets could be destroyed further need of the bomber would disappear, and all could be sacrificed in the process. Such a case would occur if one nation were trying to defeat another with one quick knockout punch. The attempt would be practical only if the aggressor became quite powerful in the attack and the victim remained relatively unprepared.



—National Defence

AIR COMMODORE CLARE L. ANNIS

IN THOSE CONDITIONS, the possibilities of success could be much greater and quicker in the doing than most people seem willing to believe. But under circumstances in which both belligerents were in approximately the same state of preparedness, the problem for the bomber reverts to an ability to sustain his attack.

In the last war, it was agreed that a loss rate above 10 per cent would make this impossible. Although the 10 per cent figure was more or less an arbitrary one, I am inclined to believe it was rather on the high side, by two to four per cent. I think the same figures would apply today.

In the interval since the last war the number of man-hours required to build a heavy jet bomber has roughly doubled, being now in the order of two and three-quarter million man-hours per aircraft. The electronic equipment installed in one of today's heavy bombers alone costs almost as much as did an entire B-29 bomber back in 1945. Thus, the loss of ten such bombers in a single raid would mean 30 million man-hours just to replace the aircraft, or the product of 30,000 aircraft and electronic workers for 25 normal weeks.

THAT IS ONLY one aspect. It is most uneconomical to operate these $3,500,000 aeroplanes in peace and even more so in war with anything but the most highly trained aircrews. The Strategic Air Command in the United States has aircrews which have been operating together as units for years; and all the principal crew members in these bombers have thousands of hours of flying time in their log books. Losses of more than a few per cent of these crews on bombing raids just could not be endured for long.

On top of that there is the problem of losses in atomic bombs through attrition en route to their targets. These too would represent a huge drain on national man-hours, as well as on the relatively limited stockpiles. From these few factors it will be recognized that the strategic air attack has severe limits on the losses it can endure if it is to be sustained. Or, looked at the other way, a large stockpile of high-performance heavy bombers and highly-trained aircrew, as well as of atomic bombs, is necessary to effectively deter aggression.

THE CONCLUSION, from a study of the German experience in air defence in the last war, that real air defence against strategic air attack is possible, comes not so much from what she did as from what she did not do. It is apparent now that in fighting her air war, Germany did just about everything wrong.

One striking example occurred at Dunkirk, in June, 1940. While our defeated troops were collected on the beaches awaiting evacuation by sea back to England, the RAF was ordered to put a continuous fighter cap over them. With a total of only about 25 fighter squadrons available, the RAF was able to keep not more than one or two squadrons on the cap at a time. Although the German had a heavy superiority in the number of fighters at his disposal to attack what amounted to the entire fighter defences of Great Britain presented to him over Dunkirk at not more than two squadrons at a time, he failed even to recognize the Royal Air Force as a worthwhile target to destroy. Instead, he chose to ignore the RAF and to attack the British troops on the beaches.

This failure to recognize the RAF Fighter Command as a major target for destruction, and especially not even to recognize it when it was in such a perilous situation, fastened in the static position of acting as a fighter cap, was an accurate advance index of how little the German understood the principles of strategic air war.

Another mistake became apparent when the German set out to attack Britain from the air

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

AIR COMMODORE CLARE ANNIS is at present special assistant to the Chief of Air Staff, RCAF, engaged in preparing a study of air power.

Our Churches Need Ministers

Only a drastic change of attitude towards the ministry on the part of churchgoers will allow Canadian churches to meet the challenge of new and growing urban areas

by Hal Tracey

CANADIAN churches are faced with a serious shortage of manpower that affects all religious denominations in almost every part of the country. There just aren't enough ordained ministers to go round.

A secondary problem is that of rural depopulation. Younger churchgoers are moving to suburban areas, which means that new churches must be built on the fringes of towns and cities, and ministers provided for them. Consequences are that rural areas are closing out their churches, and provision must be made for the spiritual needs of those remaining.

The reason the shortage hasn't become more apparent to the average churchgoer is that churches have so far, in one way and another, coped with the problem.

The shortage can be traced right back to World War II, when it was difficult to secure a sufficient number of young men to train for the ministry. Physically fit high school graduates who might normally have studied for the ministry were liable for military service, and their long training period was delayed. Now most training colleges are experiencing a mild boom, with greater than average numbers attending.

Although several small churches in the rural areas have closed, it has not been because of the shortage of ministers. Pastors have doubled up in areas where there is still a congregation to serve, and lay preachers have been pressed into service in some sections. However, ministers are normally more attracted to suburban pastorates, as they often offer better educational facilities for their children, and a chance to do effective work in new churches.

In some cases, the closing of country churches has aroused determined opposition. An Anglican clergyman told the synod of his diocese recently, "No part of the church is more important than the country churches. If we are to close any of our country parishes, we will consequently be closing our city churches."

He also spoke out against the practice of putting young ministers in rural charges for seasoning, or older ministers to serve out their years in country churches. "It is a man-sized job in the rural areas," he said, "and our best men are none too good for it."

In spite of this viewpoint, many denominations have had to resort to pressing retired ministers back into service, or asking ministers to delay their retirement. This is a stop-gap measure at best.

Most denominations find that they are ordaining about as many ministers each year as they are retiring. The conditions varies from year to year. But with church attendance in many cases the highest it has been in 30 years, this isn't enough. The full seminaries and religious training colleges are a welcome sign, but with the present high demand for ministers to go to new urban churches, even more young men must be attracted to the ministry.

Salaries don't rate as an attraction. Scales vary from one denomination to another, from $1,800 to $2,600 minimum, plus rent-free parsonage and travelling expenses, in most denominations. Some leave it up to the individual church to fix their pastor's salary. But any young man with the qualifications it takes to be a good minister could make more than that in industry, by far. Many denominations are trying to have the guaranteed minimum salary level raised.

The Presbyterian Church in Canada needs about 115 more ministers. They have managed by using lay ministers, or catechists, as they call them, and also deaconesses; by doubling up, and even by using elders in some cases where there is no minister.

They have imported ministers from Great Britain, as have other denominations, but this is no innovation. "For years," said a spokesman, "the old country has been a steady source of supply for the Canadian ministry."

A big stumbling-block in finding recruits for the ministry in almost all denominations is the home attitude towards the church. Some parents have even fought against their sons entering the ministry, and done everything in their power to prevent it.

"One father came all the way from Western Canada to Toronto to try to dissuade his son from entering the ministry," a Presbyterian minister said. "Unless that attitude changes, and the church comes to mean something more than an organization for which the family sets aside a quarter a week, recruitment for the ministry will be slow."

The Presbyterian Church has given impetus to its recruitment for the ministry by excusing veterans a one-year service period in the home missions field, to which other candidates are subject, although some have volunteered for such service, anyway. Courses held overseas in Italy and England during and after the war have produced ministerial candidates from among the veterans.

The Presbyterians find that church attendance is higher than it has been since about 1923 and the advent of radio. It picked up during the war, and surprisingly, has taken a spurt since.

ALL DENOMINATIONS suffered with the advent of radio, and the depression following. During the lean years, a standard excuse for not attending church was, "I won't come if I haven't got decent clothes, and at least a nickel to put in the collection plate."

The United Church faces a shortage of 125 ministers this year. It is about breaking even on retirement of ministers and ordination of candidates. Extensive use is being made of lay supply ministers, with 51 in service, mostly in rural areas, and about 50 students who serve as summer supplies. This has had the effect of preventing closing of rural churches because of the shortage of ministers. Supply preachers are licensed to administer the Sacraments, if on remote pastoral charges.

Fifty-two ministers are needed to take charge of churches recently built in urban areas. The United Church, too, faces the continuing problem of the greater tendency for ministers to move from rural to city areas as more churches are built in the suburbs.

The Church of England, it is understood, has solved the rural depopulation problem for the present by joining together several rural parishes, so that the clergyman spends more time on the road ministering to approximately the same number of people. But it takes all the ministers who can be spared by this doubling up to look after the new suburban areas of development.

The Roman Catholic Church has a shortage of clergy, but on the other hand, "the seminaries are very full, and it seems that the number of those offering themselves for the priesthood is increasing, rather than decreasing."

In some sections at least, the Roman Catholic Church has decreased the training period slightly. This can be done where there is a highly organized central authority capable of supervising closely the activities of men in the field, but is not a general solution to their problem of turning out more ministers, say Protestant clergymen.

MARITIME BAPTISTS have a projected shortage of pastors to the number of 20 at the end of this year. Since 1946, 30 ministers have been ordained, while only 11 have retired. No lay preachers are being used as pastors, but a few are serving as supply preachers. About a dozen small churches have closed because of rural depopulation, but none because of the shortage of ministers.

An encouraging note from the Maritimes is that there are 70 students in preparation for the ministry, an above average number. About six men have been brought over from Great Britain since the war.

Ontario and Quebec Baptists say they have a shortage in their Convention of about 12 ministers, out of a total requirement of about 300. At present, clergymen are retiring faster than new candidates are being ordained.

Rural depopulation meant the closing of five churches during the last three or four years, but members now attend town churches. In Ontario alone 27 or 28 new causes have been organized, and there are "at least a dozen more clamoring for attention now." A reversal of the usual trend is that some ministers have been imported from the U.S. Others have come from Britain and other parts of Canada, but in the latter case only those who want to move to Ontario or Quebec.

Baptists in the west of Canada report that they are well off, producing students at a rate that is "two to one greater than central and eastern parts . . . on a per capita basis." Eight fully-trained ministers are ready for ordination this summer, and two more will be available later in the year.

Ministers are not retiring, "for so far they have not been able to do so financially, due mainly to an inadequate pension plan." The rapid growth of the urban areas and the "very real need of extension in residential areas" is still the main problem in the west.

So long as Canadian cities and towns keep on expanding, the problem will continue, and increase in difficulty. Somehow, the churches must find a way to recruit more young men for the ministry, if they are to meet successfully one of the greatest challenges that has ever faced them in the history of this country.

EQUALIZING influence of Canadian democracy has stressed the ability to create, opened the way to realization of talents. Pioneer spirit is displayed by this Okanagan district couple building their home.

No Class in Canada?

In this country, it's "what can you do?" and not "what's your family background?"

by Arthur Lower

WHIFFS of the stratified European society can be caught in Newfoundland, and also, within Nova Scotia, in Halifax. They gradually disappear as you go west, only to reappear again as desert mirages amid the sage brush and fruit ranches of the Okanagan, or in corners of the Vancouver Island forest. Elsewhere, all is North American democracy. That means plenty of difference in wealth and education, plenty of difference in manners, but everywhere a sense of equality sticking out, dominating, moulding everybody to it, maintaining the career open to the talents, brushing aside any claims based on mere family, never, indeed, displaying interest in family, ever, rather, asking "What can you do?"

There was a day in Canada when a strong aristocratic hue was visible, when most schools above the elementary catered to "the sons of gentlemen", when old-country half-pay officers and their Canadian opposite numbers were to be found in every community. That day was followed by the generation when native sons began to be given knighthoods and even peerages. This was a sight too horrible to contemplate and so, at the end of World War I, it was stopped. Since then democracy has forged ahead.

But maybe we are in for a new aristocracy in Canada. There are great disparities of wealth, and the *nouveau riche*, the ancestor of aristocracy, is to be found in all our big cities. Success stories—rockets up, sticks down, dollar sign on everything, wives included—form an American pattern rather than a Canadian, but they may suggest the kind of class structure we are going to get as our society grows more complex. Will our wealthy people be just playboys, or responsible and public-spirited? It is hard to predict. There are both kinds in the U.S. There have been and are both kinds here. Neither type is popular and there seems little likelihood of either coming to form an "upper class" in the old world sense.

We are, as a matter of fact, about as middle class a people as well could be imagined. Now, the middle class everywhere is the salt of the earth. Its members are trying to get somewhere. Their pre-occupation with earning a living, improving their position, educating their children, providing for their old age, makes them immune to most of the picturesque vices of the race; they necessarily believe in and practise a code of application, industry, thrift, and honest, if narrow, morality. Most members of the middle class cannot afford to get drunk, they cannot afford to swindle their fellows: their good name is everything to them. They know that in their case the best recipe for life is honest toil. This is Puritanism, the reader says. Of course it is. Puritanism of this type, today not overly concerned with man's hereafter, but very much concerned with his present well-being, is the characteristic expression of Canadian life: nine out of ten of us are "Puritans." And nine out of ten of us Puritans are pretty humdrum, narrow Puritans, too.

One of the unsuspected end-products of Puritanism is paganism. What do you do when, as a well-behaved, earnest citizen, you have made your pile? You, yourself, may remain unchanged, but your children may begin to kick up their heels. Your grandchildren may blow it in, casting aside all the old familiar inhibitions: this is the point at which wife-swapping and other such little antics often come in. This is paganism. Again, thanks to our relative poverty, it is not as common as in the U.S.

WHAT BECOMES of those that get left behind in the race? They get discouraged, drift downward and may on occasion be found hitting their wives over the head with empty bottles—the familiar hopeless product of slum life. This, too, is paganism. Many more Canadian wives get hit over the head these days than used to be the case, though poverty is less common. The sense of failure, however, is comparative, and probably it is basically a sense of failure which causes drinking bouts and the bottle-slugging that often accompanies them.

We have to take such things in our stride, I suppose. The welfare state will prevent many a person slipping over the edge but it won't prevent all, and it won't affect those that slip over the edge up at the top. We have passed our rural simplicity and are in for all the complexity, all the ugliness, as well as the advantages, that mark societies becoming mature.

We are, as a matter of fact, at the awkward age—neither children nor grown up. There is exceedingly little really mature sophistication in Canada, as even Americans remark, but there is a good deal of pseudo-maturity—the kind of maturity that consists in using the four letter words too frequently, or talking "tough" with a cigarette hanging out of the corner of the lips. This phase will probably pass; it is adolescent. Depending on whether we realize ourselves as Canadians or simply become a northward extension of the U.S., it may be replaced by something more impressive, some of the balance and dignity of the adult. If we remain merely a cultural hinterland of the U.S., we shall of course never cut a respectable figure in the world of the grown up. Canadians will simply be amusing, provincial types, fit subjects for the tolerant humour of the metropolitan press, as awkward Highlanders are in London.

So our future depends on our becoming mature and attaining a genuine sophistication, not a mere silly "toughness" or "up-to-dateness": it depends on our becoming civilized.

Are we not civilized now, then, I hear someone ask. I admit we no longer take scalps. But up to the present we have lived in a simple, imitative society, one without much distinction. Can people in such an environment—people in general, I mean, not the exceptions—really be called

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

This is the third article by Professor A. R. M. Lower of Queen's University on "Are There Canadians?"

A Canadian Director Shows Hollywood How

Mark Robson has carved his own niche in movies and boosted more than one actor toward stardom

by Robert Willett

ROBSON, centre, looks on as Arthur Kennedy is fitted with contact lenses for "Bright Victory" role.

CANADA'S CONTRIBUTION to American motion pictures, in terms of actors and writers, has always been conspicuous. However, the most compelling Canadian influence yet felt by the U.S. film industry is that of mild-mannered Mark Robson, a director whose ability to turn out top-notch pictures, regardless of cast or cost, has been recognized and is respected by every studio in Hollywood.

The Montreal-born moviemaker is now somewhere in the vicinity of the islands of Tonga, in the South Pacific. When this article was written he had just completed plans for the most ambitious movie project he has ever undertaken—the Technicolor filming, in its actual locale, of the "Mister Morgan" episode of James Michener's South Sea saga, "Return to Paradise". In two months of pre-production preparations his intinerary included islands of the Samoa, Tahiti, Society, Cook and Fiji groups. With him went movie and still cameras, a tape recorder.

Mark Robson told me: "This preliminary excursion was absolutely necessary to make possible the kind of movie I have in mind. You see, in addition to our star, Gary Cooper, we're using only two professionals in the cast. Four of the most important parts and all of the smaller ones will be played by native Polynesians. Besides lining up locations, I interviewed and tested some four hundred of what I call 'real' characters—non-actors who can act."

His deft directing, coupled with this philosophy, brought stardom to Kirk Douglas in "Champion" three years ago and is more than ever apparent in the current "Bright Victory". Its star, Arthur Kennedy, was a highly rated Academy Award nominee for best actor of 1951.

"Champion", through authentic action against believable backgrounds, set a new high in reel realism and firmly established the careers of Ruth Roman, Arthur Kennedy and Marilyn Maxwell, as well as Douglas. Comments Kirk: "It's pretty obvious how much Mark Robson contributed to my success. Although I made nine pictures before 'Champion', most people think it was my first."

"Bright Victory", the most genuine movie yet made in Hollywood, is based on the true story of a blind veteran as told in the best-seller, "Lights Out". It is alive with authenticity from beginning to end, largely because Kennedy portrayed the veteran with the aid of dyed contact lenses which actually blinded him. He returned to the film capital from the Pennsylvania locations of the picture with bruises, lacerations, sprains and a deep respect for both the fortitude of the blind and the perceptive faculty of Mark Robson.

In going through regular rehabilitation courses (practically an unheard-of moviemaking procedure) Kennedy had worked with several totally blind veterans. The manner in which they relived some of their past experiences at the army hospital where much of the movie was made added authentic atmosphere to this documentary-type picture. Typical Robson touches were the real bank clerk and the cigar-counter girl in the film who was also one in real life.

FOLLOWING the première of "Bright Victory", critic Lowell Redelings, writing in the *Hollywood Citizen-News*, made this observation: "The Universal-International production is certainly one of the year's best-directed films—one certain to make every '10 Best' list. Mark Robson's direction is a brilliant and skilful achievement, certain to be nominated for an Academy Award. 'Bright Victory' is a film, first and foremost, for adult audiences, but of general interest, also, to moviemakers not averse to mental stimulation."

Mark missed being nominated for his direction of this important picture and was disappointed when Arthur Kennedy, whom he considers "one of the greatest young actors we have ever had", lost out to Humphrey Bogart. Like many others, in the film capital and elsewhere, he had figured that Arthur couldn't fail to win.

Robson feels that he has been successful with new players, generally, because they have not been spoiled by the clichés of acting. In addition to the "Champion" quartet, fast-climbing Frank Lovejoy, Kim Hunter and Vanessa Brown have all benefited from his direction of their early efforts. The discerning director was recently named one of the four judges to select this year's winner of a scholarship at the famous Pasadena Community Playhouse. Others on the panel are Dore Schary, James Stewart and Barbara Stanwyck.

If there is a secret of Mark's signal success, it is probably his penchant for "people playing themselves." He prefers players who look like people you pass on the street, believes that actors shouldn't look like actors.

"My appreciation of the real thing began to develop in Montreal, when I was fourteen," he reveals. "With two other boys, I went skiing and got lost. After wandering around in a circle for hours, we found a telephone line leading to a fire ranger's station. In that time, however, we realized that the business of being lost was much different to what we had previously imagined. I think that audiences appreciate a movie when there

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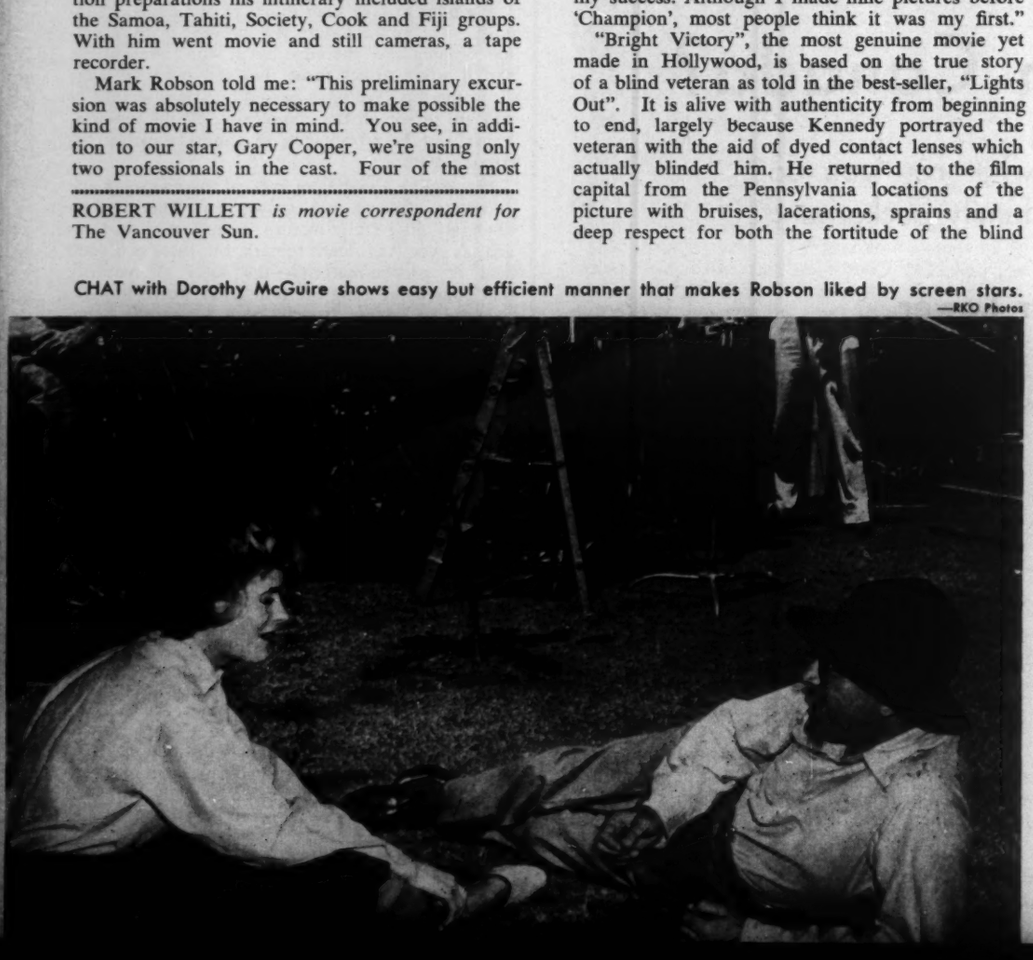
ROBERT WILLETT *is movie correspondent for* The Vancouver Sun.

CHAT with Dorothy McGuire shows easy but efficient manner that makes Robson liked by screen stars. —RKO Photos



Change of Heart for the West

by Malcolm MacDonald

MANY-SPLENDOURED THING — by Han Suyin—*Clarke, Irwin—$3.25.*

HAN SUYIN, the author of this moving book, is a Chinese woman. Born in Peking, she s educated at a Chinese University d then toured Europe for two years. 1938 she returned to China with r husband and lived in the interior ring the Sino-Japanese war, where e wrote her first novel, "Destination hungking," in collaboration with an merican woman missionary. It pre- nted a vivid picture of Free China, the sufferings of the Chinese people d of life in the old feudal provinces Western China. In its last chapter an Suyin foreshadowed prophetical- the coming struggle between the hinese Nationalists and Communists. At the end of the war fate took her ck to England. There, after the ath of her husband—killed in the vil war now raging in earnest in hina — she finished her medical udies and qualified with honors at ondon University. At the same time e supported herself and her child by pplementing her scholarship with e income from a job. She could not, owever, stay long away from her wn people, and soon left England gain to plunge into the turmoil of ontemporary Asia.

"A Many-Splendoured Thing" is a ovel about that postwar Asia, shaken om end to end by stupendous, revo- utionary changes. Future historians ill regard this mid-twentieth century pheaval in the largest and most pop- lous continent on earth as one of eir grandest themes; and they will o doubt be able to assess it with the ool judgment of en observing great vents in retrospect.

For us who live the middle of the rthquake it is more fficult to appreciate spassionately a n d xactly its signifi- ance. Many petty nd ludicrous preju- ices on the part ither of those who gard the whole up- eaval as unneces- ary, and who long or "the good old ays" in Asia, or lse of those who so espise those days that they wish the ew Asia to make a complete break ith them and so to become entirely prooted from its own historical past, re apt to blur clear vision. Yet the ndamental explanation of what is appening is simple.

The Feudalism which gradually, ver centuries, disappeared from the Western world as a result of "modern" aterial progress and intellectual evo- ution persisted virtually unaltered verywhere in Asia until the other day. Then Western practices and notions began to invade the East, following in the wake of the enterprising European traders, soldiers, administrators and missionaries who, by their superior material power, established themselves as rulers in large parts of Asia. Now these ideas have germinated; and a process which occurred gradually over a long period in Europe is being attempted with revolutionary haste in Asia. Feudalism is being swept away; and incidentally the "Western Imperialism" which was either the last phase of the old feudalism or the first phase of the new liberalism—according to which way you look at it—is being swept away too.

That historic transformation is common to almost every country in Asia, although it takes different shapes in different countries and produces at present such varying regimes as Nehru's in India, Mao Tse Tung's in China, Soekarno's in Indonesia and others elsewhere. At the moment the great change is only in process of occurring. Its pace varies from place to place.

—Studio Briggs

HAN SUYIN

THE story of "A Many-Splendoured Thing" is set in two lands, one small and the other vast, which—though they lie side by side as close physical neighbors — are at the opposite extremities in this political process of change; first in Hong Kong, which is a little-altered relic of "Western Imperialism", with its good points and its bad; and then in China, where a full-blooded Communist society is now being rapidly established. One need only refer in passing to the fact that this new China is in danger of falling under a later Imperialism far more sinister than that of the liberalizing West—the harsh Russian tyranny which is the same cruel, reactionary influence whether it masquerades under the crown of a Tsar or the cap of a Commissar.

A vivid feature of Han Suyin's novel is the contrast in her brilliant pictures of Hong Kong and China. These two clashing settings make dramatic back-scenes for the stage on which her actors play their parts. In their conduct her characters—the Christian missionaries and old-school Chinese refugees from China, the enthusiastic young Chinese Communists and serene, imperturbable non-Communist elders inside China, the foreign observers of various types in Hong Kong and, above all, the Eurasian heroine, Suyin, and her English lover, Mark—represent other clashes which disturb Asia today. These conflicts are the stuff of contemporary human history, and must be understood sympathetically by people in the West and the East alike if a world disaster is to be avoided.

—Horace Bristol, Camera Press

COMMISSIONER-GENERAL MACDONALD AT SINGAPORE

Han Suyin describes them with deep intuition. They intrude constantly like a full orchestral accompaniment to the duet of Suyin's and Mark's intense and gracious, troubled but harmonious, ill-fated and yet triumphant love affair.

One conflict which Han Suyin describes is the internal one being waged in the hearts and minds of many intelligent Chinese, between their passionate, elemental desire to be associated with their own people, "right or wrong", and their distaste for the excesses of the Communist Revolution; between their sympathy for the generous impulses which have prompted that Revolution, and their recognition of the intolerant cruelties which it has introduced; between their love for a multitude of their young fellow-countrymen who in China are devoting their enthusiasm to try to create a reformed and revitalized Chinese nation, and their doubt, to say the least, about the Chinese leaders who seem to be organizing mass misguidance of that enthusiasm; between their approval of the liberation from old bonds which the Communists have achieved for scores of millions of Chinese, and alarm that these same Communists now proceed to bind with new chains those whom they have freed from the old.

Although the girl Suyin is a Eurasian she is mostly Chinese, and her reactions to events in China and to foreign criticism must be typical of countless educated Chinese both inside and outside China. Parts of her feel a compelling urge to return to China, to help her people in their struggle; but other parts bid her stay away, sympathetic yet aloof in Hong Kong, watching events from that semi-detached observation tower.

THE ACCOUNT running through this book of her thoughts and feelings is of profound importance; for by reading it we foreigners understand better the motives which have led so many good, non-Communist Chinese to stay in China and associate themselves with the Communist effort. Such understanding will help when the time comes—as come it surely must — for reconciliation between China and the West. Although many of the individual Chinese concerned will then be dead—murdered by their Communist masters — large numbers still alive will probably retain a similar frame of mind.

Another conflict hovering perpetually over the episodes of "A Many-Splendoured Thing" is that between the white races of the West and the colored races of the East. No doubt various circumstances contribute to the unhappy antipathy which plays such a dominant part in Asian politics today, and which bedevils good relations between the peoples of the Occident and the Orient; but the

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RT. HON. MALCOLM MACDONALD *is Commissioner-General for the United Kingdom in South-East Asia and a former High Commissioner to Canada. He is "Canadian" by marriage and by his previous writing; two well-remembered books deriving from his stay in this country are "The Birds of Brewery Creek" and "Down North."*

Canadians Own More of Canada

Americans are investing millions here; is it too much of a good thing? Ottawa thinks not, and at any rate, our share in the country is growing

by Michael Barkway

THE GROWING dominance of United States capital in certain sectors of the Canadian economy is the cause of a good deal of half-suppressed uneasiness in many Canadians. If there were any significant Communist party in Canada, it would no doubt try to make something of the same cry it exploits in France and Italy—the cry that "U.S. capitalist imperialism" is taking over the country.

As it is, all we hear—that is, those of us who don't read the *Canadian Tribune*—are official statements that one of the cleverest things the Government has done is to create a climate which attracts U.S. capital. The Government statements don't allay the uneasiness where it is felt; and they may aggravate it. There is a slight suggestion that it is not quite respectable to question the present scale of U.S. investment here; and if it is not respectable it is much more likely to turn hostile.

An attempt is here made to bring together some of the available information about U.S. investment in Canada, and to try to put it into perspective. It is a field where statistics are tricky, and the arrangement of statistics can be very misleading unless the categories are closely defined. But certain broad conclusions go some way towards clarifying the relative role of foreign money in the present phase of Canadian development.

It is easy to paint a picture of American dominance, particularly in certain key fields which are among Canada's most productive such as oil and iron-ore and base metals. This picture is sharpened also by the relatively small flow of investment from other countries. In 1939 British investments in Canada totalled nearly $2½ billion, and U.S. were just over $4 billion. At the end of 1951 British investments were valued at $1¾ billion, compared with U.S. investment of $7¼ billion. (These are estimated book values.) New British money coming in for direct investment has, since 1948, started to offset the liquidation of British assets which has been going on since the thirties; but last year's inflow for direct investment in British-controlled businesses was only $28 million. The comparable figure for the U.S. was $259 million. New British plants established since 1945 number 47, compared with the U.S. 247.

Of the new postwar plants employing more than ten people, Canadians themselves have started by far the largest number—1,211 out of 1,531. But the average payroll of the Canadain plants is only 36. American subsidiaries and affiliates number 247, with an average payroll of 87. The U.K.-owned factories number only 47, but their average payroll is 224.

One factory which helps to pull up the U.K. average is the big Avro Canada plant at Malton, in which the British Hawker-Siddeley Group is understood to have just over a half share. The first Canadian plant to make a jet engine or to design and build a military plane from the ground up, it is a good example of the new industries that have been brought to Canada from abroad. It has also attracted to Canada branch plants of some important British manufacturers of accessories and associated parts, such as Rotax, the subsidiary of the Joseph Lucas Company.

AFTER the drastic liquidation of British holdings in the war and immediate postwar years, new direct investment by British business since 1947 has grown at a greater rate than American. It increased by 86 per cent in the four years. But this was, of course, on a very small base.

Monteath Douglas, Executive Director of the Canadian Tax Foundation, told a Senate Committee recently that "probably at least half" the shareholders' burden from corporation income taxes fell on non-resident shareholders.

This seems to imply that "probably at least half" the dividends paid by Canadian companies go to foreigners. A more cautious estimate, which is unlikely to be contested, is that something over 40 per cent of all Canadian dividends are paid to owners outside Canada. (This includes payments by Canadian subsidiaries to parent companies abroad and also payments to individual shareholders abroad.) The greater part of these non-resident owners are obviously in the U.S.

This 40 per cent of dividend payments is considerably higher, however, than the proportion of stock held by foreigners. The equity in all Canadian companies owned by non-residents is estimated at about one-third. The U.S. share of this is about one-quarter.

As Table I on this page shows, the American equity capital is heavily concentrated in companies controlled in the U.S. They account for four-fifths of the total.

If the foreign-held third of Canadian company stocks pays at least 40 per cent of the dividends, two explanations seem possible.

The immediate implication is that the foreign-owned companies are more profitable than the Canadian-owned ones. There are no statistics to prove this, though certainly U.S. investment is notably concentrated in productive and profitable lines. The other possible explanation is that foreign-controlled companies have been paying out more in dividends than the Canadian-owned companies.

Taking it all around, it may indeed be true that Canadian-controlled companies need to get more of their finance from retained earnings than U.S. companies which can more easily raise fresh capital through their parents in the U.S. But it is also true that in recent years U.S.-controlled companies have been re-investing substantial amounts out of their earnings.

Whatever the explanation, these seem to be the facts. At least 40 per cent of the dividends paid by all Canadian companies (notice this excludes unincorporated businesses) is going to foreign owners who hold about one-third of the stock. Dividend payments to the U.S. last year amounted to $284 million.

IN THE POST-WAR years the value (at book value, not market prices) of U.S. investment in U.S.-controlled plants in Canada has increased by about $1,500 million. Nearly half of this was new investment; slightly over half came from reinvested earnings. The number of Canadian concerns controlled in the United States in 1945 was 1,985. At the end of 1950 it was 2,568 and it must have increased again in the last eighteen months. U.S. holdings of Canadian government and municipal bonds increased by about $300 million in the same years, a very minor increase compared with the total.

In each of the last two years the value of all U.S. investment in Canada (including bonds as well as stocks) increased by about 10 per cent. (See Table II).

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How Much Is Owned Outside?

TABLE I

Non-Resident Investment in Canadian Companies. (at the end of 1950).

			$ millions
Total non-resident owned:			**4,211**
U.K.-owned	**Total:—**		**1,011**
	in Canadian-controlled companies:	**594**	
	in U.K.-controlled companies:	**346**	
U.S.-owned	**Total:—**		**3,044**
	in Canadian-controlled companies:	**635**	
	in U.S.-controlled companies:	**2,394**	

(Source DBS)

Table II

Estimated Book Value of Foreign Capital in Canada. Year-ends, 1949, '50 and '51.

	$ millions		
	1949	**1950**	**1951**
Total:	**7,939**	**8,646**	**9,424**
Held in U.K.:	**1,694**	**1,723**	**1,772**
Held in U.S.:	**5,905**	**6,565**	**7,235**
(Of which, direct investment:	**3,095**	**3,442**	**3,900**
Government & municipal bonds:	**1,534**	**1,746**	**1,898**
Other portfolio investments:	**1,106**	**1,187**	**1,237**
Miscellaneous:	**170**	**190**	**200**
Held in other countries:	**340**	**358**	**417**

(Source DBS)

THE WORLD TODAY

Is There a New Soviet Line?

by Willson Woodside

EVER SINCE the big Soviet diplomatic shuffle, most sweeping in a decade, the Western chanelleries have been trying anxously to untangle the Soviet line, to e if it really was a new line and here it might lead to. The bullets in e Baltic caused some apprehension, t it is the crescendo of Soviet hate ropaganda against the United States nd the fact that this has entirely disaced the "peace" theme—however hony that was—which has roused eep concern in Washington lest the oviets should be whipping up their eople for war.

This propaganda, as one can see om the daily monitored reports, ow exceeds in ferocity anything used gainst Nazi Germany at the height the war. *Pravda* cries that the soalled civilized Americans have own on Koje that they can be more inhuman, more infamous that e bloody Hitlerites." "Dachau was death camp; Maidanek was a death ctory. Koje is a whole island of eath operated by the American hangen."

Some kind of a peak in this kind of ropaganda was reached when the nportant Soviet "philosopher", G. lexandrov, who has long played an nportant role in setting the propanda line, wrote a "serious" article *Pravda* on the pretensions of the mericans to the position of a "master ce" with a right to take measures reduce the "inferior" races of the orld. Altogether the "cannibaltic American imperialists" intend to estroy 700 million people in the orld, he claimed.

When any powerful military dictaorship whips its people up with this nd of hate propaganda, as the Nazis d before their grabs in Czechoovakia and Poland, it behooves us be on guard.

But on the other hand a plausible se could be made out that it is aimd at isolating the United States from her nations by spreading fear and spicion of its policies, or aimed at ountering the appeal of American ropaganda to the peoples of the SSR and the satellites, and steeling oviet soldiers against desertion.

T IS really necessary to consider whether there is any deep-lying reaon for a new Soviet line of policy, efore one can estimate what this w line might be. Here one can say ositively that our moves during the st year to tie Germany and Japan to the Western political and defence stem, and to bring Turkey directly to NATO are bound to have a proound impact on the Kremlin.

You have only to put yourself for moment into the shoes of a normal- suspicious Russian, looking out at the world from Moscow. These moves of ours to gain control of the two powerful industrial bases on either Russian flank—Japan and Germany —from which Russia has been thrice invaded and twice defeated during the past half-century, and our alliance with Turkey, from whence British and French power invaded her in the previous half-century, represent a change in the military and political balance of power whose long-run implications any Russian would have to consider most seriously.

In a democracy such a development would probably bring a change of government. In the Soviet dictatorship it brings a change of line. Whether the new policy will be to strike at the West before the Western powers and their protegés Germany and Japan are rearmed becomes a grimmer and grimmer question as we enter the period in which our preparations might be provocative without giving sufficient defensive cover. Their immense land power they have maintained since the end of World War II. They got the atom bomb three years ago, far sooner than expected. And now they have fielded a huge force of high quality jet fighters sooner than anticipated and much sooner than we have done.

Yet it is possible that their immense concentration of effort on building *MIG-15's* by the thousands is the best indication that, however offensive their political operations, their military plans have been concentrated up to the present on a defence of Russia against atomic bombing. This view is reinforced by the wide extension of their radar network, which has also astonished our experts.

The Soviet reaction in Germany—the most important theatre of policy in the world today—is also primarily defensive, aimed at tightening their grip further on Eastern Germany and hence better securing the satellites Poland and Czechoslovakia.

First of all, they are clearing a three-mile swath of no-man's-land along the border of the Soviet Zone of Germany, long known as the Green Frontier, crossable at a moderate risk, but now to be given the full cleared-zone, trip-wire, land-mine, shoot-on-sight treatment characteristic of the borders of the Workers' Paradise and the People's Republics.

In West Berlin, their immediate concern seems to be to neutralize this enclave behind the Iron Curtain, which we call a show-window of freedom but they term a centre for Western espionage and propaganda.

—Canada Wide

MANEUVERS IN THE BALTIC, like those shown above near Leningrad, may be the explanation for Soviet shooting down of Swedish planes over that sea.

Finally, there is the talk of building up a large East German Army as an "answer" to the West German contingent which Western policy hopes to include in a European Army.

WHILE they talk of preparing for conscription for an East German Army, they are actually busying themselves first with building up several NKVD-type divisions, as a security force to hold the East German satellite and its prospective army securely in line.

This would all go logically with the Gromyko mission to London, which must be assumed to mean something. He could have brought a message which led to the Western acceptance of new four-power talks on Germany; but in that case it wouldn't have been necessary to post Gromyko to London. It seems more likely that he has been sent to exploit to the utmost the new Munichist feeling which has been rising in Britain, this time on the Left instead of the Right.

Soviet policy is bound to try to forestall ratification of the Western treaties with Germany by every means possible. And it must be said that Moscow is receiving much aid from the Western powers in this. The Germans want to negotiate because they fear to see the door closed on the reunification of their country. The French want to negotiate because they still would like to avoid or postpone German rearmaments. The British are willing to negotiate, because they have a fundamental belief in negotiation.

THE AMERICANS have no real confidence left in negotiation with the Soviets and understand Moscow's delaying game perfectly. But they have to agree to new talks out of consideration for the weak political situation of the British, French and German Governments, and because they feel called upon to "prove" that basically they are prepared to negotiate when they feel strong enough and not determined, as so many in Europe fear, to have a military showdown.

According to this interpretation, then, the present Soviet line gives first priority to defence of the USSR and tightened control over the Soviet satellites in Europe, and second priority to delaying the inclusion of Germany in a Western political and military grouping. Third priority is given to keeping the Chinese Communist in line, by the furious Hate America propaganda, by maintaining a need for Soviet military "protection" in Manchuria, and by exploiting the threat to Communist China of the Japanese-U.S. tie-up and U.S. aid to Chiang.

Another aspect of Soviet Far Eastern policy is to keep U.S. power tied down there in operations carefully regulated to a "safe" size by the "truce" talks, so as to limit the power the U.S. can put in Europe or the attention it can give to the Middle East.

Fourth priority is readiness to take advantage of the many opportunities arising in the Middle East and the Arab world, from Iran through Egypt to Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco.

This is only an interpretation. The Kremlin may be planning to drop hydrogen bombs on the conventions in Chicago, for all we really know. Yet their sudden offer to talk a Lend-Lease settlement, and the way their fighters stayed down when the UN bombers smashed the Yalu power plants—and might have been headed towards their fighter bases for all they knew—makes it look as though the Soviets were trying to keep the international temperature below the boiling-point.

A REAL AIR DEFENCE IS POSSIBLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

in August and September 1940. The German, not having been able to visualize his air forces as more than an ancillary arm to his ground forces, had produced far too high a proportion of ground attack types of aircraft, and far too few fighters. So when he came up against an air force prepared to fight in its own element, he was unprepared.

WHEN WE BEGAN attacking targets in Germany, we soon learned that bombers unescorted by fighters in daylight raids just could not sustain their attacks in face of the losses they suffered. As a result the RAF soon turned away from daylight bombing and went in for night bombing; and the U.S. Air Forces continued their daylight raids only in company of heavy fighter escorts. We had learned a basic truth to which the German apparently never caught on, namely that *it was the presence of the fighter accompanying the bomber which made sustained deep penetrations by the bomber possible*. To stop the bombers it was *first* necessary to destroy the accompanying fighters.

Throughout the war from Dunkirk onwards the basic mistake the German made was to ignore our fighters as the *prime* targets to be destroyed. He avoided engagements with our fighters whenever possible, and tried always to get at our bombers. He only fought with our fighters as necessary in trying to pierce our fighter screen.

In relation to our bombers he placed his fighters on the offensive, but in relation to our accompanying fighters —and it is a most important point— in relation to our accompanying fighters he placed his fighters on the defensive. This position which he persisted in taking, was a most unnatural and, for him, a disastrous one.

It is the fighter accompanying the bomber which is in the natural defensive position even though the overall mission of the bomber and its accompanying fighter is an offensive one. The fighter is there to defend the bomber. In any form of warfare, in the air or on the surface of the earth, the force which is on the defensive is at a tactical disadvantage.

The German, in his misunderstanding of air warfare, gave our air invasion of Germany a double advantage. By trying to attack our bombers and striving to ignore our fighters he not only allowed our fighters to come off the defensive, but even allowed our fighters to go on the offensive against his fighters during all the time that his fighters were concentrating their efforts in getting at our bombers.

This basic blunder contributed immeasurably to the German defeat, yet it has led millions of superficial readers of the last war's history to conclude, wrongly, that real air defence is not possible!

—International

THESE BIG FELLOWS won't get through with a loss rate they could long bear, says the writer, until enemy's fighter defences have been beaten down. Shown is giant B-36 bomber designed during the last war for a 10,000-mile range.

THE GERMAN committed several other serious errors in his defence against air invasion. He failed to provide in time for adequate aircrew training. Although as late as November 1944 the German order of battle in fighter aircraft reached its maximum figure, pilots by then were being so poorly trained that the Luftwaffe was losing almost thirty of them to every one of ours.

This is an historic warning against sacrificing quality for quantity in aircrew training—a warning which the RCAF has heeded. The USAF is also aware of this. You are witnessing its results in Korea these days in the comparative losses of UN and Communist fighter aircraft in air combat. But there is plenty of evidence that the Communists are learning this too, and are grimly willing to pay the price of learning.

The German experience in defence against night bombing produces somewhat parallel lessons. In this field the great emphasis of course lay, and still does, on electronics. The RAF had resorted to night bombing early in the war as a means of reaching targets deep inside Germany without having to risk contact with German day fighters. This was a brand new technique which caught the German very much by surprise, using such electronic offensive measures on our part as radio and radar jamming, spoof raids with only a few bombers, and radar-controlled blind bombing.

Despite all our advantages of surprise and early electronic superiority, by about March 1945 the German had so well solved the problems of early warning and control of his night fighters, that, in spite of our best efforts at electronic interference he was no longer fooled badly by our spoof raids. His night fighters had become so effective that our own night fighters had to accompany our night bombers in increasing numbers.

Insofar as strategic air defence was concerned, night was rapidly turning into day. Had it not been for the general devastation already so far advanced throughout the nation—which for example, had destroyed nearly all her reserves of aviation fuel —it is not at all improbable that the German could have brought our night bombing to a virtual halt.

The crowning conclusion is that if Germany had prepared for and fought her air war on sound tactical and strategical lines the air war would have settled down to a prolonged struggle, by day and night, between fighters; and that our bomber offensive would not have been able effectively to pierce the German air defence until the struggle between the fighters had been decided clearly one way or the other. Very recent experience with B-29's in Korea shows that the fighter will always inflict unacceptable losses on the unescorted bomber.

For our own part, real air defence is possible. Shallow penetrations by bombers are relatively simple, and occasional deep penetrations are always bound to occur even against good fighter defences. Strategic air warfare is very similar in many principles of its application to a rugby game. The "line" is the fighters and the "backfield" is the bombers. The opposing backfields will occasionally break through for deep penetrations. But it is not until the line crumbles that the real deluge comes.

ONCE the bombers start to cross the goal line in quantity in air invasion the "game" is over just as certainly as though it were armies doing the same on the ground. But as long as our fighter line—on which the RCAF puts its emphasis — holds, the enemy bombers won't get through very far or very often. The second duty of the fighters is to wear down and finally crumple the enemy line. If that is achieved our bomber backfield can roam at will.

But the salient points are these. As the line goes, so goes the game. If the lines hold the game will be low scoring, and may even end in a tie. In fact, if the enemy sees little chance of winning he may call off the game altogether. And that is just what we want most. We don't want to play this game, anyhow. But if we have to, we know the conditions.

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LONDON LETTER

Plan for "Dominion of Capricorn"

by P. O'D.

FEDERATION, as history has proved over and over again—the history of the British Commonwealth perhaps better than any other—is a difficult form of government to bring about, even where the component units are more or less similar in character and power. So many local interests to be satisfied, so many jealousies to be appeased and fears set at rest. How difficult then in the case of such dissimilar members as the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland, for whose federation the draft scheme has just been published in a White Paper. Something like trying to get a horse and an elephant and a hippotamus to work together in a team.

The draft scheme was evolved at a conference in London during April and May. The plan is frankly a compromise between the claims of those who want complete amalgamation and those who want everything to be left as it is. Amalgamation is put out of practical consideration by the united and determined opposition of the native Africans who constitute the vast bulk of the population, especially in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. On the other hand, as Lord Salisbury, the Secretary for Commonwealth Relations, pointed out at a Press conference, some form of closer association between the three territories is vital to the future prosperity and development of that part of Africa, perhaps even to the continuance of the British way of life there.

What the plan proposes is that the three existing territorial governments should carry on much as at present, with Southern Rhodesia practically a self-governing Dominion, and the other two as Protectorates whose appointed governors are really responsible to Whitehall. At the same time, a central federal authority is to be created with powers over the whole area in such matters as external affairs, postal and other communications, transport, defence, everything in fact that concerns the area as a whole. A special Board of African Affairs reporting to London, is to see to it that native rights are protected, and that native economic and political development is encouraged.

The plan is a skilful and well-judged attempt to meet the chief difficulties in the way of federation and to avoid the chief dangers. Like any other compromise of the sort, it is open to a good many objections, some of them serious, but it looks as if it should work—given a fair trial. The real question is, will it get such a trial?

In Southern Rhodesia there is a strong and vociferous party bitterly opposed to any diminution of State rights and powers. There is also a very considerable Afrikaner element really anxious for incorporation in the Union of South Africa. There are the natives everywhere afraid of a condition of permanent helotry. There are native chiefs with designs for independence and power which federation would make hopeless. All these will oppose the plan in every way they can.

Lord Salisbury and Mr. Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, are to go out to Africa later in the year to a conference which will decide whether or not the plan is practicable. Whichever way the decision goes, the struggle is likely to be long and hard-fought, and what comes out of it may be very different to the plan as it now stands. But there is high hope in London that statesmanship will prevail and some sort of union be evolved. It is to the vital interest of everyone concerned that it should, the native African population no less than the white settlers.

Oil Running Away

NOW THAT the not-so-good ship *Rose Mary* is safely laid up at Aden, everyone in Britain who is interested in such matters—meaning everyone who knows anything about them—breathes a sigh of relief. Had the *Rose Mary* got away with that cargo of Persian oil, it would have meant all sorts of troublesome international complications. What is more important, it would have meant the beginning of a rush to scoop up Persian oil while the scooping was good and cheap. It would have been the hole in the Anglo-Iranian oil dike.

Not that the matter is really settled. It will not be settled until the Hague Court decides that it has jurisdiction in the dispute over the oil between the British and Persian governments, and finally that the oil really belongs to the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. In the meantime, there is a respite during which it seems unlikely the running of Persian oil-cargoes out of the Gulf will be considered worth the risk.

If the Hague Court should decide that it has no jurisdiction or that the British claim is unfounded, the rush for cheap Persian oil will immediately begin. In this rush it is certain that Italian oil promoters will be well up in front. They have the third largest refining industry in Europe, they have tankers, they have great need of cheap oil for home consumption, they have excellent markets in neighboring countries, and they have the further advantage of a short haul from Persia.

With these temptations to traffick in what British people regard as stolen oil, it is not likely that Count Zonca and the others will hesitate very long. There will be plenty like them in other countries as well, who will worry very little about the ethical aspects of the case once the legal obstacles have been removed. Persia will be able to sell all the crude petroleum it can produce, and even Persian oil-engineers are probably equal to keeping the stuff flowing down the pipeline. It all depends on the judgment of the Hague Court.

—International

THE "OLD MAN" under fire: the disaffection among Conservatives with Mr. Churchill's leadership which was reported some weeks ago appears to be coming to a head, may at least lead to cabinet reshuffle taking Eden from Foreign Office giving him more authority in home affairs.

Glorious Ascot

THERE ARE race-courses where greater crowds assemble than at Ascot, where the races are more famous and important, where there is more and bigger betting. There may even be race-courses where the setting is more beautiful—Goodwood, for instance. But for beauty and dignity and high-class racing and everything else combined, there is nothing like Ascot, and certainly no crowd in the world to compare for elegance with the Ascot crowd—that part of it, at least, which occupies the seats and boxes in the more expensive stands and circulates in and about the Royal Enclosure. Ascot is the very queen of race-courses, and it is always a little startling to remember that it was that rather dowdy old lady Queen Anne who first started racing there in 1711.

This year's Ascot meeting has proved to be the biggest and finest since the war, with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh and the rest of the Royal party coming from Windsor each day and driving up the course in familiar state in the open carriages behind the Windsor greys and their outriders. It was a gay and charming sight, and everything about this Ascot meeting seemed to be gay and charming, a delightful renewal of former glories.

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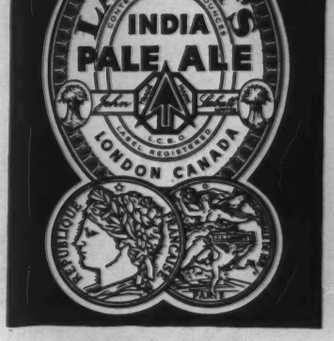

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OTTAWA VIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

sitting. It was something, and it was achieved at one final meeting. Perhaps it was really a face-saving device to try to show that the committee had met. But there was no application to the procedural problems commensurate with their importance. If members devoted one-hundredth part of the passion they showed in trying to protect their own constituency boundaries to the serious problem of improving their own performance, the House of Commons would receive — and would unquestionably deserve — a lot more respect.

Canada was the last of the Commonwealth countries to appoint a native Governor-General. But we did it at last. We are the last of the Commonwealth countries — indeed practically the last of the civilized world — to let members of Parliament fight out the allocation of their own seats, as though the seats belonged to the members instead of the other way around. It seems a pity the Canadian House doesn't catch up with other countries in handling its responsibilities.

CHANGE OF HEART

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

chief cause is the recent rule by several European nations of various Asian peoples. "Western Imperialism" brought many benefits to Asia which one day, in more dispassionate times, will be recognized with a measure of gratitude. Chief amongst them was perhaps that introduction of liberalizing ideas which are the very weapons for destroying Asian feudalism.

I must not mis-use this note to moralize pompously on these themes; for it was intended as a brief foreword to Han Suyin's lovely story, not a protracted political treatise. In any case she writes with an insight far deeper than any that I command about these all-important problems of contemporary Asia and of relations between the East and the West. As she herself has said, "European and American authors write with great beauty and perception about Asians. I write as an Asian, with all the pent-up emotions of my people. What I say will annoy many people who prefer the more conventional myths brought back by writers on the Orient. All I can say is that I try to tell the truth. Truth, like surgery, may hurt, but it cures."

Something at least as drastic as a surgical operation is needed to create new, healing relations between the peoples of the West and the East. It is a change of heart, a complete abandonment of old superiority and inferiority complexes, a meeting together of the renewed nations of the East and the old nations of the West on a footing of equality, as glad, mutually devoted partners in the struggle of all Humanity to attain peace and enlightment. Han Suyin's book should help to accomplish that.

Impression of Giant De-barking Drum — by Willard Goodman

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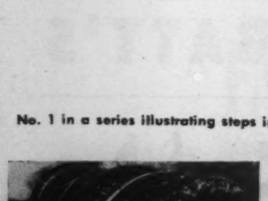

Willard Goodman, young Toronto artist, used this photograph in creating his impression of a giant de-barking drum . . . an impression unrestricted as to technical accuracy. He captures a feeling of movement, force and cleanliness. Mr. Goodman was born in 1922, has been painting since 1942, is one of Canada's promising younger painters.

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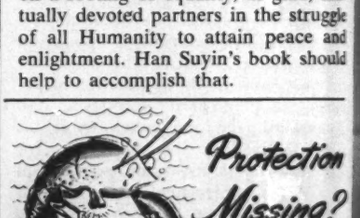

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TINY MINORITY

CARTOONIST VIEWS NETWORKS

by Al Capp

Creator of "Li'l Abner"

THE TWO main ways to communicate ideas in America are by press and radio. I've communicated with America both ways. I've found freedom of speech in the American press. I've found an immovable, frightening Iron Curtain in U.S. radio and TV.

In Communist Russia, you think like the Kremlin thinks, or you'd better stop thinking—out loud, at least. On the American air, you think like your sponsor thinks—or he finds someone else who does.

That is why all the thinking that comes out of TV and radio—both from the frankly commentary and opinion programs—and the concealed "messages" in the entertainment shows represent the thinking of a small group of Americans—the group that sells the whisky and the girdles and the body odor glorifiers—just as all the thinking on Soviet radio represents the thinking of another small group.

Now I think that minorities should have a voice. I am prepared to fight to the death for the rights of the men who make whisky or girdles or banish unpleasant smells—but I think the majorities have some rights, too.

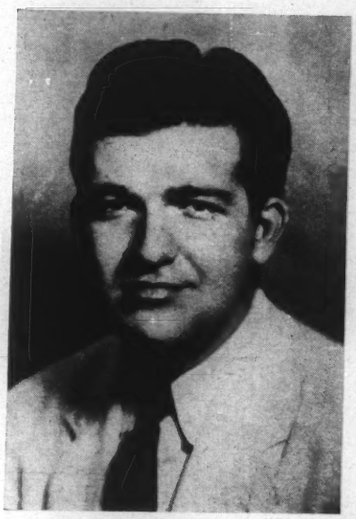
In radio, the majority of Americans long ago exercised the one right we had left—the right not to listen.

I have every confidence that the unbeatable team of network and sponsor will make TV just as unbearable.

They are mighty proud when they have succeeded in getting five million sets turned into one show, instead of being ashamed that they've succeeded in getting twenty million sets turned off. The great idiocy of air surveys is that they rate only the preferences of the people who are listening. They neglect to find out why more millions, who have invested fortunes in their sets, have rearranged their living rooms to accommodate 'em, who are desperate for decent entertainment, and honest news shows, have been so bored, sickened and offended by the muck that comes out of their machines, that they turn the damned thing off, and turn to "Li'l Abner".

After the Democratic primaries in New Hampshire, TV can no longer plead that it is merely an entertainment medium—and therefore has no responsibility to the nation—but only to the whisky distillers or the girdle architects. TV has demonstrated its impact on American thinking by creating a widely popular Presidential candidate out of a heretofore obscure senator from Tennessee, who, because of a few appearances on TV, was able to beat the pants off the President of the United States and the regular Democratic political machine.

TV, whether the men who run it like it or not, has become, along with the press, the most powerful means of communication (and therefore influ-



—Wide World

AL CAPP

ence) in the United States. With power comes responsibility. The American press has by and large shouldered that responsibility. No advertisers can buy the editorial columns of any great American newspaper. Any advertiser can buy the editorial influence of any great American network, by buying time and making sure that the commentator who uses the time is their own obedient baby boy.

In this way, a tiny minority of national advertisers control most of our network time, and can, and do, pull an Iron Curtain down between the public and any views but their own.

It's dangerous — it's un-American. We don't want our thinking dictated to us, shaped for us, by any small group of commissars, either from the Kremlin or from the promotion department of a soap factory. It is up to the networks to realize, no matter how uncomfortable the idea is, that in TV they have one of the most powerful media of influence, and that this power must be used for all America, not just their sponsors.

Now the networks have every right to make a buck. It would be, in my opinion, disastrous for us to give control of TV to government. The air should remain, like the press, the property of private enterprise.

But, like the press, the air should be run in an American way—it mustn't, like Russian air, be the property of a small group. It should, like the American press, keep its influence a clean and unpurchasable influence. TV should remain a business—but a business as great in its dignity and honesty as it is in its influence—not a shabby, unprincipled racket that is willing to sell itself—and us—for thirty pieces of silver.

Well, I guess you won't be seeing me on any TV shows after THIS. At any rate, I'll still be seeing you in the funny papers.

This provocative statement by AL CAPP *was made to a Boston audience and is reprinted by permission.*

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NO CLASS IN CANADA?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

civilized in any significant sense? Can they, as a people, really be said to exist?

Only if you think that imitating someone else's civilization makes you yourself civilized. It does, up to a point. If you are sitting at dinner and have no table manners of your own, you may get by, by carefully watching what the person opposite does—or you may come a cropper! True civilization must come from within: the word in this sense may almost be equated to the word *culture*. Used in this way, the word *culture* does not mean merely polish or taste in the fine arts; it means being completely at home in your surroundings, which you have made yours, you and your ancestors, and out of which you have built an enduring way of life marked by at least some high values.

Many of us vacuum-cleaning westerners might not consider India a civilized land, but we could hardly deny that there is an Indian culture. As I write I look at a little teak table, with a little brass vase on top of it. Both came from India. Their appearance shows they could have come from nowhere else. They are beautiful objects, products of generations of hereditary skill. They are two small bits of Indian culture.

It is some such test as this that must be applied to Canadian life if we are to decide whether we are civilized. Our American mechanical gadgets, made in Canadian branch factories, do not necessarily make us civilized and they certainly do not give us a Canadian culture. Maybe simple things like maple syrup and hockey do!

One of the nasty aspects of civilization is that it involves the chosen few, who lead, and the masses, who follow. It involves an élite, a word English Canadians, with their instinct for equality, don't like. We accept inequality every day, but we always assume that someday it's all going to be ended and everybody then will be just as healthy, wealthy, wise and responsible as everybody else. This is all nonsense, of course, and no one knows it better than the teacher, "talent scout" as he must be, the man who realizes what vast gulfs nature has placed between her favorites and her tail-enders.

There is nothing so hostile to equality as education. Our whole system from bottom to top is taken up with sorting people out, selecting some, shoving them along. "May there never be wanting leaders in church and state!" It would be a sad day if there were; it is the business of educational systems to find and train leaders. Despite all the modern sentimentality about giving every child an equal chance (which in some states of the Union involves the divine right of every child to a B.A. degree), education relentlessly separates sheep and goats. In this way, whether we like it or not, our Canadian educational systems are slowly creating an élite.

Quebec, with its different scale of values, accepts the idea of an élite without any difficulty, and with it, presumably, the scale of values an élite always involves. Wealth, when deodorized, or consecrated, brings refinement in food and drink, in clothes and manners, and perhaps, though this is more doubtful, in minds too. In this way a culture gradually grows up. Quebec has already gone some distance, though French Canada is economically restricted and not mistress in its own house.

Most of English Canada hates the very idea of an élite. We disavow differences, deny distinction, distrust culture. In the mass, we are thoroughly Philistine, and those who are different have to do a great deal of hiding of lights under bushels. Hence the low intellectual tone in English Canada, hence our universities, which only in the case of occasional individuals, are more than prep schools. Hence the undue emphasis on the practical which everywhere confronts us. Not what you know or what you are, but what you can do, that is the criterion. Healthy in itself, it often assumes with us the proportions of a cancerous growth.

ACTION takes the place of reflection in our universities, as in our markets. Let a man be given no matter what administrative post — Director, shall we say, of This and That—he at once assumes, in his own eyes, in those of his fellows and in those of the public, an importance which he could never have as a scholar. The status of

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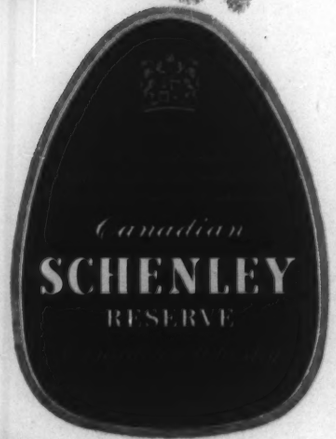

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scholar is the highest unto which mankind can attain, for it is the incarnation of the unique human quality; reflection, reason: there is no prouder title; scholar, thinker. Yet there is none that most academics more readily abandon. Oh, the pity of it! *Hinc illae lacrimae*. Scholars would not sell their heritage for a mess of pottage if the Canadian public had other touchstones.

Is there another side to Canadian life, in addition to this rather unfortunate one? Of course. We are a people of rude, native health, an energetic people. No effete old-worldism here. Then we have, what we always will have, a window on unchanged nature to the north. The frontier of settlement has been among the most formative of all influences in North America: we shall always have the northern frontier, empty, unchanged, cleansing.

Then there is the diligent work of the few, creeping up on the many. The schools are at it incessantly. It is a many-sided attack. Every writer, every painter, every preacher—well, nearly every preacher—is engaged in it. I have just heard a radio talk about the Canadian League of Composers; this comes almost as a miracle to me, that we should actually have music composed on Canadian soil. Of course it is not nearly close enough to the ordinary man to count for much yet, but that may come. It is one of the aspects of the attack.

As I write, the Toronto Symphony Orchestra strikes up from Quebec, playing a concert of Canadian music. Monsignor Vandry of Laval, where it is playing, makes a speech about the lovable qualities of the people of Ontario. This sounds a bit extreme, but it's all to the good for Canadian civilization, driving us toward realization of values, our own values. When such incidents can occur, it means that the things they typify have been approved by enough people of enough weight to drag the rest along. Thus a culture is formed.

THE major force in making a Canadian civilization is not Canadian music, however, nor Canadian art. It is Canadian nationalism, our determination to have a national home, and to furnish it appropriately. This accounts for the strong approval of everything Canadian just now. Until the 1930's, the centre of reference for many natives of Canada as often as not was "Britain"—they proclaimed themselves "British". Now, even the leader of the Conservative party makes his references in purely Canadian terms.

Yet one has to agree that there is as yet not one Canada, but at least two, French and English. No coalescence of the two peoples is likely to occur. But they will approximate, and this will bring better understanding.

Already signs of this are visible. Certain groups on either side still try to keep the old wounds open, but despite them, they are slowly closing —and without surrender by either face of the values they cherish. No one who knows Quebec can forbear in this connection to refer to the splendid work of Laval University. Here is a centre of cordiality, toleration and Christian forbearance: the names of Vandry, L'Evesque and Maheux are those of persons deserving well of their country. And how real is the link of Canadianism comes out plainly where young men and women of both cultures are thrown together in the presence of a third.

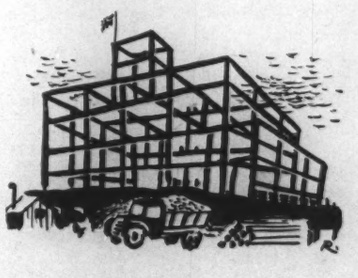
I myself had an interesting illustration of this three years ago, when I went to Europe on a ship crowded with American students, plus about 50 Canadians, French and English. These 50 young people seemed to understand each other from the first, and there was no tendency for them to melt into the larger American group. In fact, the differences—differences in demeanor, deportment, type of amusement and so on—stood out clearly. The voyage gave me an especially clear insight into the nature of my fellow Canadians.

THE ENGLISH group will continue to display within itself wide regional differences. Its incorporation of non-Anglo-Saxon elements, as time goes on, will change its genius, moving it further from its British origins. But the newcomers are not too dissimilar from the natives. Most of them are northerners, just the same heavy kind of people as ourselves, with the same commercial scale of values. Again, I except the exceptions.

On top of our two ways of life is rising a common culture. This is based on our common government, on the law we have in common and on similar if not identical ideas and ideals. This common culture is being made by the few, but in such a democracy as ours the few, if they are to mean anything, will remain close to the many.

In Canada, there is not enough money and privilege to keep them apart. We are therefore fairly safe from "ivory-tower" culture. The leaders in both our present cultures, French and English, being relatively few in numbers and the country small, it is commonly the case for them to know each other. Politicians, academics, figures of the artistic and literary world, labor leaders, business men, professional men, more often than not have acquaintances, and sometimes friends, in the other group. This is the most important channel of understanding, the best guarantee of unity and tolerance for the future.

The last word seems to be that Canadians as such are now more or less visible to the naked eye and that the type will become clearer as time goes on. This could not have been said with confidence 50 years ago. We may therefore assume that we exist.



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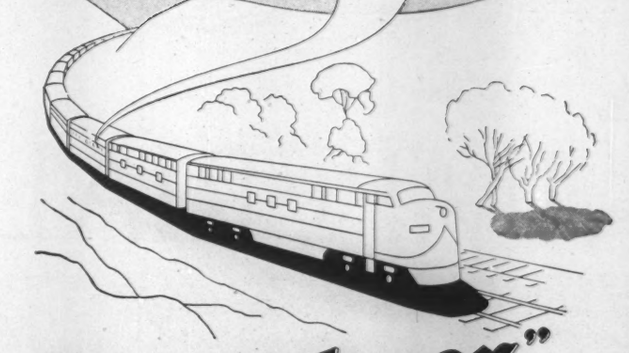

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CANADIAN OWNERSHIP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

These are the figures which will be quoted by people who feel bothered about the growth of U.S. investment. They will also point out that the totals don't tell the whole story, because of the concentration of American money in certain sectors. As long ago as 1947 three-quarters of the base metals manufacturing was U.S.-controlled. New inflows have also been directed at mining, and more particularly at petroleum exploration, development and refining. At the end of 1950, according to the official figures, 54 per cent of the Canadian oil industry was owned in the U.S. It is now nearer two-thirds.

To most Canadians it is, probably, a matter of regret that so much of the development of some of our most important resources has had to be done by foreign capital. But the fact which has to be faced is that Canada could not—certainly would not—gamble the huge sums which went into Alberta oil exploration before any significant strike was made. In oil, as in so much other resource development, the question really is: "Is it better to have it done by American capital, or not to have it done at all?"

MOREOVER, the huge figures of American investment only fall into proper perspective when they are compared with the growth of the whole Canadian economy. It is not easy to make the comparisons on a statistical basis.

The Minister of Finance Douglas Abbott gave one comparison which was highly approximate and glowingly optimistic. He said that last year's net inflow from the United States ($560 million) was only one-tenth of our total capital investment in the year ($4,500 million). Even if the arithmetic were a little better, the two conceptions are not strictly comparable.

More careful comparisons depend largely on definitions, but here are some approximations—a little more refined than Abbott's but still pretty rough.

We may compare total Canadian investment, including government expenditure but less depreciation, with the foreign contribution, calculated as the current account deficit plus the reinvested earnings of foreign-controlled companies. On this calculation foreigners contributed about one-seventh to all Canadian investment in the last two years.

Another way is to compare, so far as it can be judged, the capital inflow for long-term investment purposes (defined as total new issues plus increase in value of earlier direct investments) with total Canadian investment net of depreciation). This gives a proportion of foreign capital of one-fifth.

To be a little fairer, we may exclude housing, which is nearly all financed in Canada. With this excluded, foreign participation in other investment has been running at about one quarter.

Finally, it helps to clear the picture to take two distinct classes of investment in which the U.S. share can be calculated.

First, the Canadian bonded debt in the U.S. In 1951 new issues of Canadian securities sold to non-residents amounted to $411 million, of which only $3 million was payable in sterling and only $26 million payable in Canadian dollars. Against this there were retirements of $184 million.

But this increase in debt to Americans followed twenty years in which we had been steadily reducing our debts in the U.S. At the end of 1951, therefore, Canadian debt payable in U.S. funds was still 10 per cent lower than it had been at the end of 1930. Total interest payments to the United States in 1951 were only $94 million, compared with $121 million in 1931.

Second, look at the foreign-owned capital in Canadian business. We said it amounted to about one-third. Here are more detailed estimates, pretty reliable for earlier years but involving some measure of estimation for current figures:

Foreign-owned percentage of Canadian business

	All foreign	*U.S.*
1939:	38%	22%
1946:	35%	24%
1951:	32%	25%

The significance of these figures is that the increased Canadian ownership of Canadian business has more than offset a rather minor increase in the proportion of United States ownership.

The reduction in all non-resident ownership is mostly due to the large-scale repatriation of British-held stocks. But American ownership remains at or slightly below one quarter.

FINANCE MINISTER Abbott's estimate of net inflow of U.S. investment funds was at 10% of yearly total, highly optimistic.

U.S. RAW MATERIAL NEEDS

FALSE HOPE FOR TRADE?

by Michael Young

OBSERVERS have described the report of the U.S. Commission on Materials Policy as one of the most encouraging official documents to be published in recent years. But this may be wishful thinking. President Truman appointed the Commission—headed by the Columbia Broadcasting System Chairman William S. Paley—to study the problem of keeping U.S. and Western European industry supplied with raw materials.

Last year's acute raw material problem, coupled with the disturbing fact that, since 1914, the U.S. alone has used up more metal and mineral fuels than had been used by the whole world in all the preceding years, added some urgency to the assignment.

The Commission reported that, although the demand for many raw materials—metals particularly—will increase sharply in future years, "we need not expect that we will some day wake up to discover we have run out of materials, and that economic activity has come to an end."

The main problem is one of cost. The more accessible, and hence more cheaply produced materials are taken out first. This stage has pretty well been passed. We can see this in Canada where so much of our economic future is evidently going to depend on the development of the resources in our northern frontier area. As the search for and development of new raw material sources pushes farther into the hinterland and deeper under the ground, the cost of producing them increases and could undermine the planned-for industrial expansion.

The U.S. Commission made three main recommendations: two of them were aimed at cutting down wasteful exploitation and use of resources, and the third, which seems to offer encouragement for a revival of world trade, was the recommendation that the U.S. should import much larger quantities of raw materials.

IT IS PROBABLY hard to sell Americans the idea that they are on the verge of becoming really dependent on healthy international trade conditions for their own economic health. Last year, according to the United Nations' *Recent Changes in Production* (Ryerson Press, $1.00) the United States accounted for more than 90 per cent of the world's production of natural sulphur and molybdenum, 81 per cent of the cadmium, 50 per cent of the aluminum, 37 per cent of the copper ores, 31 per cent of the zinc ores, 26 per cent of the lead ores, 20 per cent of the tungsten, 40 per cent of the cotton, and 40 per cent of the known lumber and wood pulp.

But Mr. Paley's Commission warns that 25 years from now the U.S. will be producing only about half the copper and zinc she will need, one-quarter of the lead, and two-thirds of the iron ore. The hopeful aspect of the Paley report is that, from the sale of these and of other commodities like tin and natural rubber for which the U.S. is entirely dependent on external sources, the dollar-earning capacity of many sterling area and other soft currency countries will be greatly increased.

This is an important development for Canada. An impressive amount of our industrial expansion is financed by U.S. capital, and while this certainly is productive investment and pays its own way, it may not pay it in U.S. dollars. At present we have to find around 300 million U.S. dollars annually for interest and dividend payments to American investors in Canada. Since the industrial part of our development is largely competitive with that of the U.S. (and consequently the victim of such things as tariffs, quotas and the Buy American Act) the U.S. dollars it earns will have to be earned in countries whose currencies are convertible to U.S. dollars. If the outlook for U.S. purchases in these markets is good, so is the outlook for sales by Canada's growing industrial machine.

BUT there are flies in the ointment. In the first place there are the local difficulties outlined by the Commission: the idea that the American standard of living must be protected from the competition of lower paid foreign labor, the traditional American concept of self-sufficiency reinforced by the notion that military security would make it dangerous to rely on foreign sources of supply for many raw materials. Interested groups can, as we have seen in the case of the St. Lawrence Seaway and the aluminum sales proposals, put up a stiff and stubborn fight. They may also have a feasible answer to much of the U.S. raw material supply problem.

The answer may be found in the reconversion of scrap metals. The UN economic report hints at what has been accomplished in this field already. In 1948, overall industrial production was fully one-third higher than prewar, and the increase in heavy industry output was even greater. And this was achieved when primary smelter production of copper, lead and tin was less than prewar.

Secondary production from scrap metal has, naturally, been at a higher level in the postwar period than prewar, and, according to the UN report, did actually hold back the demand for newly mined ores and the smelter production of primary metals during 1948. During the post-Korea rearmament drive, of course, both newly mined metal and the scrap were called into service, but think what a source of scrap this will make 25 or 30 years hence. One other indicator of the potential scrap supply: According to William J. Baxter, head of the International Economic Research Bureau, the U.S. is now [before the strike] turning out "more steel each week than would be required to replace the entire United States Navy."

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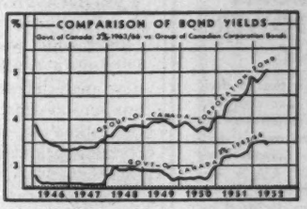

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By Order of the Board.

J. L. T. MARTIN,
Secretary.

Montreal, June 23, 1952.

THE SHAWINIGAN WATER AND POWER COMPANY

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of thirty cents (30c) per share has been declared on the no par value common shares of the Company for the quarter ending June 30, 1952 payable August 25, 1952 to shareholders of record July 15, 1952.

By Order of the Board,

J. L. T. MARTIN,
Secretary.

Montreal, June 23, 1952.

U.S. BUSINESS

NEW U. S. PAPER PROCESS

by R. L. Hoadley

PRODUCTION of a wide variety of papers made from bagasse (sugar cane waste) is under way in Peru on a commercial basis. But this new material doesn't seem to be the answer, at least not yet, to the U.S. publishers' dream of a cheap substitute for newsprint. The international trading, industrial and shipping firm of W. R. Grace & Co. recently unwrapped its bagasse project which has been secretly developed over a twenty year period of experimental work.

Taking advantage of the widespread interest in paper production, fanned by the increase in Canadian newsprint prices, the Grace concern held a largely attended paper exhibit and press conference in New York. On display were corrugated containers, newsprint, heavy-duty shipping sacks, grocery bags, wrapping papers, book and printing paper, all made of bagasse. A blanket invitation was issued to American capital in the sugar-growing areas to purchase licenses for use of the process and to climb aboard the "bagasse bandwagon".

Publishing interests attending the exhibit in hopes of finding a cheap newsprint source were plainly disappointed. Grace officials were far more interested in pushing their process for other types of paper. So far the Peruvian plant can make only enough newsprint for local newspapers. Should the price of newsprint jump another $10 a ton, Grace officials feel, bagasse would become competitive. And they maintain that the project would be feasible for publishers who are willing to operate a sugar mill in conjunction with their newspaper business.

The cost of making newsprint from bagasse, according to experience records accumulated by the Peruvian mills, is estimated at $90 to $100 a ton, including amortization of investment. But it does not allow for a profit. Newsprint has been supplied to *La Prensa* of Lima where rotary presses operate at the rate of 8,000 pages at hour.

MEANWHILE, the Herty Foundation laboratories of Savannah, Georgia, has developed a tough, firm kraft paper from the waste wood of the common southern pine tree together with ordinary pine pulp. Kraft paper is the customary paper used for paper bags—a long fibre pine paper with a low bursting strength. In the new Herty process the short strong fibres obtained from waste wood give the paper a good "bursting" strength. Previously, experiments along this line have not been satisfactory. The new process is successful, it is claimed, because the correct formula has been discovered for mixing the two major pulps.

Plans are under way for building two mills in Georgia and one in Florida to utilize this waste wood. The South has 60 large pulp and paper mills with a daily capacity of 25,000 tons. Nine new mills are under construction. Nearly all existing mills are talking of expansion.

Jet Hold-Up

IT WILL BE another six months to a year before the production of jet military planes really slips into high gear. The first jet fighters ordered after the outbreak of the Korean war came off the assembly line late in May. These planes, most of them ordered the month U.S. troops were committed in Korea, are models that were in production at that time. Unfortunately, quantity orders of new planes were not placed immediately after the Korean war started. The U.S. air build-up received its primary impetus from supplemental congressional appropriations made late in 1950 and early in 1951.

Twenty - two months generally lapse between order and delivery of a production-model jet fighter and up to 30 months for a heavy bomber. The aircraft delivered next December will be models that were standardized and accepted when the North Koreans crossed the 38th Parallel. Design and development of later-type models adds more months to the time element in producing aircraft for the armed forces.

In the two years since Korea, U.S. military plane output of all types totals between 9,000 and 9,500 units. This is double the production of 1948 and 1949—the two years preceding the present war.

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By Order of the Board.

JAMES STEWART,
General Manager

Toronto, 30th May 1952.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND No. 248

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Thirty Cents (30c) per share has been declared for the quarter ending 31st July, 1952 payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Friday, the 1st day of August next, to shareholders of record of 30th June, 1952.

By order of the Board.

L. S. MACKERSY,
General Manager.

Toronto, 11th June, 1952.

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PORTS OF CALL

THE QUEBEC OF THE VISITORS

by Wallace Ward

THE OLD PROVINCE de Québec makes an impact upon its visitors that is very close to being physical. It is like stepping through the Looking Glass into a new world, a quiet, peaceful land of drowsy farm villages, quaint fishing ports and grey and ancient cities with the narrow, dark, crooked streets of seventeenth-century France. Those are the things the strangers first notice.

On the surface, the scenery is for the most part of the standard Canadian variety, with woods, meadows, lakes and streams and rocky, tree-fringed hills. The cities run to the current pattern of skyscrapers, Neon signs, autobuses and traffic sounds and smells. But permeating the whole Province is the atmosphere of the France of nearly four centuries ago, an atmosphere the "Québecois" brought with them from Brittany and Normandy.

Down by the wharves in Montréal and Québec the squat, thick-walled warehouses, the dingy grey stone dwellings, the twisting, shadowed streets are straight from a theatrical set for a Breton seaport. The farmhouses in the country, the architecture in the villages, are authentic Normandy reproductions.

IT IS what these people who first came out here *did* to the unfamiliar Canadian scene that makes Québec so picturesquely unusual and quaint to contemporary Canadian eyes. The pioneers from Normandy and Brittany would accept neither change nor progress. The tradition has survived the centuries, so that farmhouses are still built the same way, oxen still draw the family plough, and the "Habitant" household is still clothed in sombre garments tailored from the "étoffe du pays," the homespun from the family spinning wheel and handloom.

—CPR

MIGHTY CAPES OF THE SAGUENAY, DEEPLY FORESTED

The "Habitant," however, is immensely practical, and has therefore cautiously accepted a few twentieth-century innovations such as radio, tractors, trucks, automobiles, trains, the movies and the juke box.

Such things are more noticeable in Montréal than elsewhere, and that metropolis is not only Canada's largest city but famed as Canada's largest and gaudiest playboy. Night life in Montréal is gay and practically uninhibited. The French-Canadian cuisine is justly renowned, and the cabarets have a definite Latin flavor. English is practically universally understood in a city where nearly 90 per cent of the people habitually speak French.

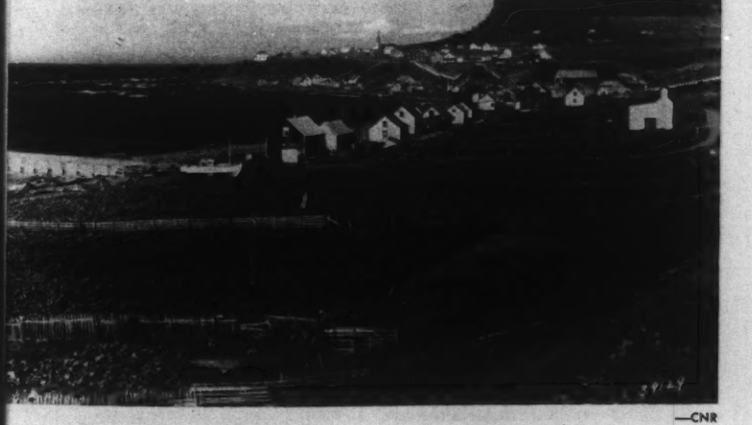
Montréal is a city of churches, which is perhaps understandable because it was founded in 1642 as a church mission post to convert the Indians to Christianity. Just a step from the twin spires of Notre Dame Church, probably the most photographed church in America, is the little church of Our Lady of Good Help, Notre Dame de Bon Secours, a wistful little chapel of grey with a widow's walk overlooking the dingy waterfront lanes and crooked streets. It was the sailors' church.

The pattern of narrow, cobbled streets with upper stories of the houses overhanging the street to the point where they almost touch each other is carried out, too, along the wharves of Québec in the shadow of the great rocky bluff up whose bosom more prosperous streets seem to crawl with so great peril to wayfarers. Ancient cannon still peep from the parapets of this old walled city, for it remains a garrison town. But today's army jeeps scurry about the battlements where redcoated sentries once trod their lonely stations.

QUEBEC is immeasurably more Latin in character than Montréal, and the leisurely pace of life is much more in keeping with the villages and rural communities of the Province. Nobody hurries in Québec, and the accent is on gracious living, with unhurried, elaborate meals and plenty of time to pass with good friends and neighbors. Québec, like the Province it characterizes, steadfastly resists change. Look down some of the soft, grey streets when no traffic is passing, and one might expect to see seventeenth-century dandies and cloaks, plumed hats and long swords step from one of the shuttered doorways and stride off down the cobblestones to the "Chien d'Or" or some other popular tavern.

The Old World mood is as well

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36



—CNR

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BOOK REVIEWS

FOREBEARS OF MR. THURBER

THE THURBER ALBUM—by James Thurber—*Musson—$3.75.*

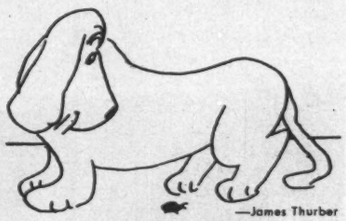
by J. L. Charlesworth

READERS of previous volumes of Thurber reminiscences know that he has been blessed with numerous friends and relatives distinguished by unpredictable but entertaining eccentricities. Some of those whose likenesses he has recorded before, appear again in this volume, but most will be new acquaintances to all but readers of *The New Yorker,* which published these sketches in their original form.

Some of the people whom he describes died before James Thurber was born, but apparently the state of Ohio is notable for the longevity of its sons and daughters, for information about the pioneers and their days has been available to him at no greater distance than second-hand, sometimes in his own family archives and traditions and at other times from the children of those of whom he writes. If some of the stories seem a little too good to be true, what does it matter?

For example, there is Thurber's great-grandfather, Jake Fisher. '"He could throw a six-foot grown man as far as twenty-five feet when he was in a rage," said Uncle Mahlon.' The careful setting down of height and distance has a flavor of Mark Twain; but one is quite willing to believe that Jake was one of the strongest men in a state of rugged individualists, and accept with delight any other tales of his own prowess that have been handed down.

Some of those of whom Thurber writes have become known beyond their own towns and state, but most of them have been men and women known only to their own small group of intimates. Through Thurber's kindly alchemy they come alive again, bringing with them something of the golden age of the Mid-West, when people were naturally good neighbors or good enemies without being self-conscious or socially conscious.



—James Thurber

"SOME LINES ON PAPER"

Read and Run

QUEBEC IN YOUR CAR—by John and Marjorie Mackenzie—*Clarke, Irwin—$3.00.*

by Hal Tracey

ONLY long hours on the road could have given John and Marjorie Mackenzie such a keen insight into the exact information a motorist needs when venturing into strange territory. Where to go, how many miles to destination, where to eat, where to sleep—all are covered in a book which combines good descriptive phrasing with an effortless economy of words.

The Mackenzies have set up all the guide-posts for pleasant motoring. They have also given at least an indication of what the tourist will have to pay for food and lodging—an important consideration to budgeting travellers.

A distinctive feature of the book is the use of heavier type—just a few key words to identify an attraction the Mackenzies feel will especially interest the motorist. This makes it easy to scan the guide book *en route* for a quick résumé of what any particular place has to offer.

The Mackenzies made their trip with cameras at the ready, and their book is well-supplemented with attractive photographs of places mentioned. The book is an excellent companion piece to their previous one on Ontario, and augurs well for three more about other parts of Canada, now in preparation.

Looking Backward

SPIES, DUPES AND DIPLOMATS—by Ralph de Toledano—*McClelland & Stewart—$4.25.*

by B. K. Sandwell

THIS is an entertaining account of the operations of a select list of very able spies in the Far East, all working against the democracies but for an assorted variety of employers. As history it leaves a good deal to be desired. The author would have us believe that the Nomura-Kurusu mission to Washington just before Pearl Harbor was a serious negotiation, and that had it been successful the Japanese fleet would have been recalled from its expedition to Hawaii.

"Quebec in Your Car"

JOHN & MARJORIE MACKENZIE

Readers who can believe that an operation of such enormous portent, so perfectly timed and so skilfully prepared, would have been abandoned on account of some slight diplomatic success are at liberty to do so; this reviewer cannot join them. The theory is however needed to support Mr. de Toledano's main thesis, that the United States was plunged into the world war by the machinations of a couple of professional spies, three or four Communist agents and an assortment of misled friends of Russia, all working through the Institute of Pacific Relations.

Mr. de Toledano's second major point is that the Yalta concessions to Russia were totally unnecessary because the atom bomb was already an assured success, and the U.S. Government knew it. He produces good evidence that the army scientists were very optimistic about its ultimate success, and even hopeful that the date of the first explosion would be August 1; but it is surely asking a good deal to expect that the chief officers of state in Washington should risk the possible loss of many thousands of American lives by refusing the aid against Japan of a nation with which the democracies were already fighting side by side throughout the rest of the world.

On its serious side the book is vitiated throughout by the error of reading the events of 1941-5 in the light of events since 1948. It assumes that everybody in China who has subsequently become a Chinese Communist must have been a Comintern conspirator during the war, which is far from true. It assumes that to believe in a peaceful settlement of the clash in China was to be either a blind fool or an agent of Moscow, and most probably the latter.

At the same time it does make clear what enormous energy and strategy the real, conspiratorial Communists expended in the effort to penetrate high government circles in Washington and how much aid they received from persons who perhaps sincerely believed that they were helping the cause of peace and liberty.

Tri-Service Show

BATTLE REPORT: THE WAR IN KOREA — by Captain Walter Karig, USNR and others—*Clarke, Irwin—$7.50.*

by Maj.-Gen. E. L. M. Burns

THIS is an account of the naval side of the United Nations "police action" in Korea. While it includes adequate explanatory and connective passages, it reads like a collection of war correspondent's stories; easy and good reading, too.

Very well produced, and elaborately illustrated by photographs, it is the sixth volume of a series of "Battle Reports" the first five of which covered World War II. As there are also many volumes of official naval history, it is to be presumed that the main purpose of this series is to create good public relations for the U.S.

Navy. One may feel that here and there, the Battle of the Budget (or the contest between the armed services for the largest share of defence monies) has influenced the writing.

The cooperation of the Royal Navy, the Royal Marines and the Royal Canadian Navy is generously reported; in fact one has the curious impression that these services were regarded by the writers as somewhat closer allies than the U.S. Army.

The assault landing at Inchon, which bristled with technical difficulties; the subsequent transfer by sea of the 10th Corps to the East coast, and the evacuation from Hungnam after the Chinese intervention are well covered, especially from the human interest viewpoint, and merit reading even by the professional student of war. Such stories, of course, stress the heroic and unusual rather than the reactions of the run-of-the-mill Government Issue Joe, if I may use an Army expression in this connection.

But no one will argue with the authors when at the end they point out that the United Nations were only able to take military action in Korea because of their naval power, and that it permitted combined operations to which the UN strategical successes were due. Though the book was written to celebrate the doings of the Navy, its final verdict seems to be for the "balanced force" of all three services.

Overall View

THE PECULIAR WAR — by E. J. Kahn Jr. — *Random House—$3.50.*

by John L. Watson

MR. KAHN is military correspond for *The New Yorker* and most of the chapters in this book have appeared in that magazine. The author spent about three months in Korea during the Spring and Summer of 1951 and he has wisely and modestly chosen to confine his book to a series of more or less isolated impressions about the war and the country in which it is being fought rather than attempt to produce a full-dress history of the campaign or to explain the underlying significance of this extraordinarily puzzling conflict.

Non-American citizens of the United Nations will have reason to be grateful to Mr. Kahn for his liberal recognition of the international character of the Korean War. He pays generous tribute to all the nations whose forces, however small, compose the First United Nations Army and the most exciting and detailed chapter of the whole book is the account of the Battle of the Imjin and the glorious epic of the First Battalion, Gloucestershire Regiment.

The author is quick to recognize the magnificent fighting record of the American soldiers in Korea, quick also to condemn the actions of those among them who are less aware than they should be of their role as ambassadors of democracy.

"The Peculiar War" is an intelligent and admirably fair assessment of a situation about which few people are inclined to be either intelligent or fair. But there is one thing missing—though it's not Mr. Kahn's fault: he found all sorts of people who knew what the war was like, but no one who could say *why* it was being fought.

Writers & Writing

THEY have to come—books challenging school of psychoanalysis. Not first nor the last "The Case Against Psychoanalysis", is by ANDREW SALTER author of "Conditioned Reflex Therapy." Blurb, unblushingly, announces:

"Contains some of the most devastating assaults upon the shibboleths of modern psychoanalytic theory and practice ever expressed in print".

Author considers Freud's map of the mind to be as inaccurate and wildly fanciful as the pre-Columbus maps of the New World. The Oedipus complex, what modesty in women meant to Freud, dreams, transference neurosis, accident-proneness, self-destruction, new trends in psychotherapy are among things given the full treatment.

Frankly—Andrew Slater finds most Freudian theories nauseating.

■ FRANCES SHELLEY WEES is one of the few authors we know who really welcomes criticism from publishers, editors and friends. Of course she doesn't always pay attention to it but sometimes she does — even when it means scrapping the work of months. She and her psychologist husband are heading west again this summer.

■ The second edition of DESMOND PACEY'S "A Book of Canadian Stories" has been revised and enlarged. Many people seem to think Pacey has a few more than the excusable number of gaps in his knowledge of the writers of Canada.

■ Most young newspapermen expect to publish a novel some day and sometimes, when they are older, they do.

"The Shining Tides", being published by William Morrow and Company is one of these. WIN BROOKS, its author, now managing editor of the *Boston American*, has been a newspaperman all his life. Working in Boston, he first covered sports events including Harvard football and the International Tuna Cup Matches in Nova Scotia where he himself caught his largest tuna, 560-pounder.

"Shining Tides" takes place on Cape Cod, has much ado about fishing and is July Literary Guild selection.

—*Rica*

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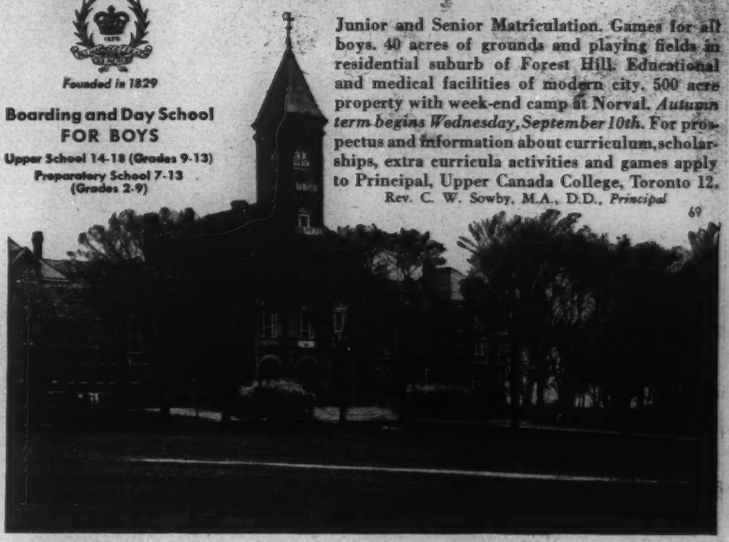

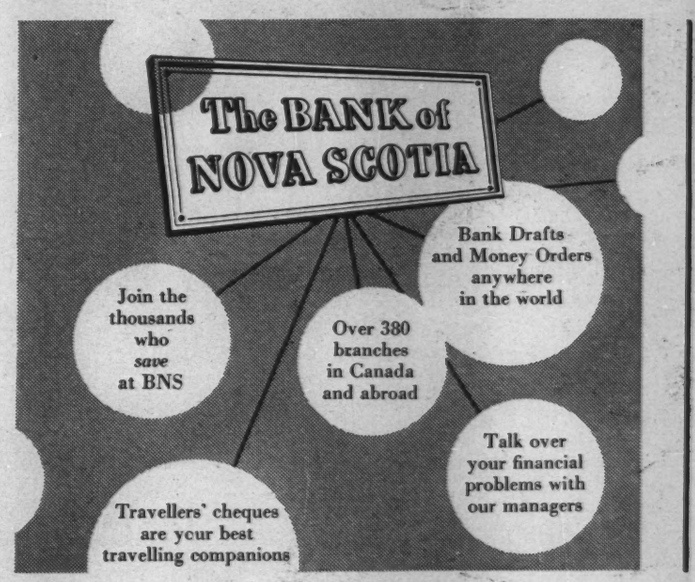
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RECORDS

NEW RELEASES

MOUSSORGSKY - RIMSKY KORSAKOV PROGRAM — "Night on Bald Mountain"; "Polonaise" from Boris Godounoff; "Entr'acte and Persian Dances" from Khovantchina—all *Moussorgsky*, by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Leopold Ludwig. The stirring "Bald Mountain", despite its hackneyed nature, is given new emotive depths and is brilliantly recorded. The lovely—though perhaps equally familiar—"Polonaise" gets tender treatment and a poetic interpretation and the less familiar pieces from Khovantchina, the lyrically beautiful "Entr'acte" and the haunting "Persian Dances" are fully realized. Rimsky-Korsakov's "Snow Maiden" ballet music with the Symphony Orchestra of Radio Berlin under Leopold Ludwig again, round out a distinguished package of Russian shorter works. The recording throughout is superb. (*Urania—URLP7035.*)

A COLE PORTER REVIEW—David ("Holiday for Strings") Rose handles sophisticated stuff like "Begin the Beguine" and "Love for Sale" (which were all in the movie "Night and Day") like an artist handling clay, trying to make it into a symphonic creation. It never really is, of course, but Rose gets as close to it as most get, still using the same clay. Lush background music for martinis. (*RCA Victor—LPM 32.*)

FIRST PIANO QUARTET PLAYS GERSHWIN—A fuzzily-recorded, over-arranged collection of some sweet Gershwin that Gershwin plainly meant to be kept sweet. Four pianos in stilted interpretations are just two too many to handle things such as "Summertime", "The Man I Love" and "American in Paris" themes. (*RCA Victor—LM 125.*)

VIOLIN CONCERTO (1938)—*Bartok.* The list of recorded works of the Hungarian composer who died in 1945 continues to grow. This, the second version of the Violin Concerto, is presented by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Ferenc Fricsay with Tibor Varga, violinist. The earlier version with Max Rostal as soloist and the London Symphony Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent, is still the superior one, Rostal being an infinitely more controlled and feeling musician than Varga whose rendition seems, in comparison, curiously hard-bitten. Recording: good. (*Decca—DL9545.*)

THE SWAN LAKE—*Tchaikovsky.* For balletomanes Roger Desormiere, conducting the French National Symphony Orchestra, offers the most complete set of selections of the music, with the exception of the Golschman-St. Louis Orchestra's version for *Victor.* Included in the record is the seldom recorded Scene and Waltz from Act III. Moreover, the present recording has the grace and lightness missing in the Golschman-St. Louis interpretation. (*Capitol—P8142.*)

FILMS

ALL THIS AND AIR CONDITIONING

by Mary Lowrey Ross

WE ARE NOW in the midst of the dog days when the cooling system takes precedence over the lobby display in dragging us into the picture palaces. I have sometimes suspected the palace proprietors of taking advantage of the air-conditioning system to reconcile us to what is going on on the screen. However it must be said in all fairness that "Pat and Mike" starring Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn, is the sort of comedy entertainment it would be fun to watch under almost any conditions.

In "Pat and Mike" we have Katharine Hepburn as Pat Pemberton, a sports prodigy of staggering competence, and Spencer as Mike, a Broadway sports promoter who sees her as a valuable property and wants as large a piece as possible of her for himself. Mike's other properties include Little Nell, a racing horse, and Hucko (Aldo Ray), a Neanderthal type whom he is promoting as a heavyweight champion. Little Nell isn't shown in action, however, and neither is Hucko. The sports are handled by Katharine Hepburn, in competition with such notables as Babe Didrikson Zaharias and Gussie Moran.

Since it seems unlikely that even the protean Hepburn could run competition to ladies of this sporting calibre, we must accept a good deal of Katharine Hepburn's professional form here as faked. It is highly skilful faking however—in Mike's admiring phrase, she is "a beautiful thing—to watch". Her comedy form fortunately is her own, and can stand up to feminine competition anywhere.

The heroine's chief sporting hazard is the presence in the gallery of her fiancé (William Ching,) a Svengali in reverse who turns up in time to lose her both the golf and the tennis events. Up till his entrance, Pat is running her competitors off their legs, in sequences that must have involved some heroic sacrifice plays from her distinguished opponents. Happily for them fiancé Ching always turns up in time to save their international reputations.

"Pat and Mike" was written by Carson Kanin and Ruth Gordon, and George Cukor directed. The whole thing suggests a group of trained old hands working with brilliant ease on thoroughly congenial material.

NO TWO pictures could be farther apart in the field of entertainment than "Pat and Mike" and "Outcast of the Islands". The only elements they have in common are a good script, fine direction and an excellent cast. Fortunately these are elements that can give a film exceptional quality in any corner of the field.

"Outcast of the Islands" is the screen version of one of Joseph Conrad's earlier novels. The story has been considerably curtailed, but the mood and setting have been retained, and the film is essentially Conradian, both in the sharpness of its detail and the lavish and sombre splendor of its style.

This is the story of a white man's degeneracy in the East. Whillans, the central character, eloquently played by Trevor Howard, is a misfit Englishman who drifts his way through the Dutch East Indies and finally, through the kindness of Captain Lingard (Ralph Richardson) comes into the reluctant custody of Almayer, the Dutch trader whose doomed and futile figure moves through so many of Conrad's pages.

The character of Whillans sums up one of Conrad's obsessive themes—the irresponsibility of weakness, the weakness of irresponsibility. Whillans falls in love with a native girl, for her sake betrays Lingard, plots against Almayer and ends as badly as only such a character could in the hands of such a novelist. In the novel's ending Aissa the native girl shoots Whillans. The film, with considerably less mercy, leaves him exiled from his own people in Aissa's savage company. It isn't the Conrad ending, but it isn't an ending that Conrad, with his inexorable sense of both character and justice, would regard as a betrayal.

The film, directed by Carol Reed, assembles an impressive group, which includes in addition to Trevor Howard and Ralph Richardson, Robert Morley as Almayer, Wendy Hiller as Almayer's unhappy wife, and an Arab beauty named Kerima as the fatal Aissa. Carol Reed's direction and the performance of the cast suggests that everyone concerned in the film had read the original Conrad with as much dedication as the script itself.

A large part of "Outcast of the Islands" was filmed in Borneo and Ceylon, and the camera has captured a way of life that is deeply native, peculiarly alien, and almost oppresively illustrative of the tragic theme.

IF Gloria Swanson is to maintain her screen rally, she will need better advice than she appears to have received in "Three For Bedroom C." In her latest film she is a screen star once more—this time a successful one—who for reasons best known to the plot deviser finds it necessary to travel to Hollywood as a stowaway in the roomette assigned to an atomic scientist. The action from beginning to end takes place on the Super Chief, and a great deal of the time the end seemed almost as far away as Pasadena.

A Hollywood press agent with a professional addiction to benzedrine and Tums does what he can to brighten the trip, but the child star who accompanies Miss Swanson on her adventure turns out to be a handicap that would throw a much better comedy than "Three For Bedroom C." It can't be said that the Swanson performance is much help either.

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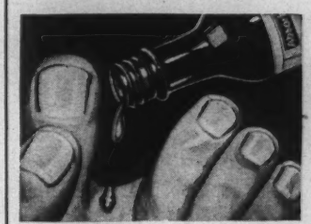

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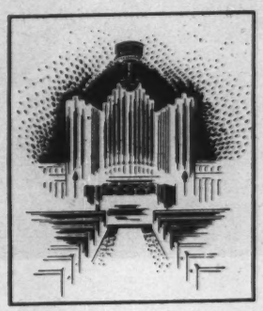

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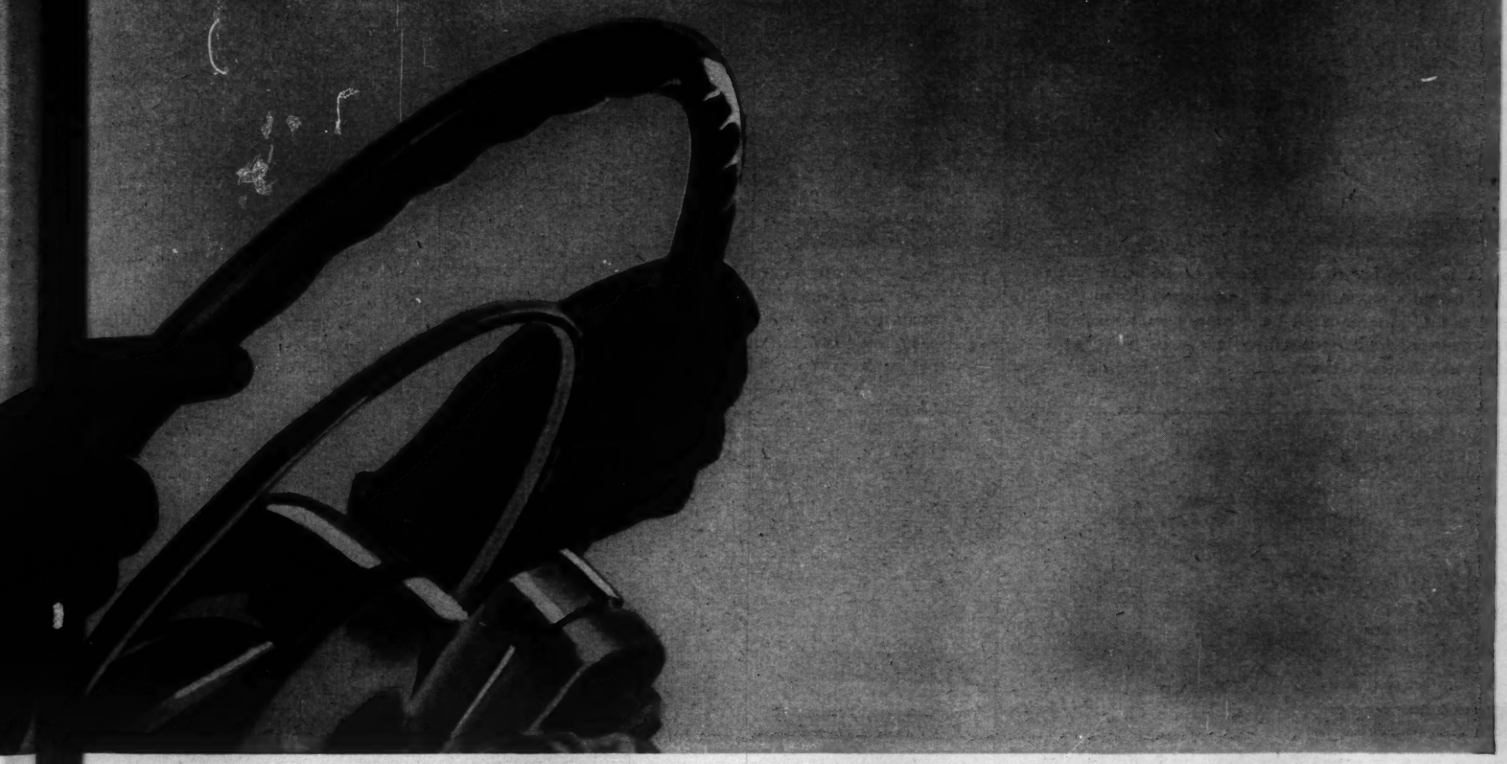

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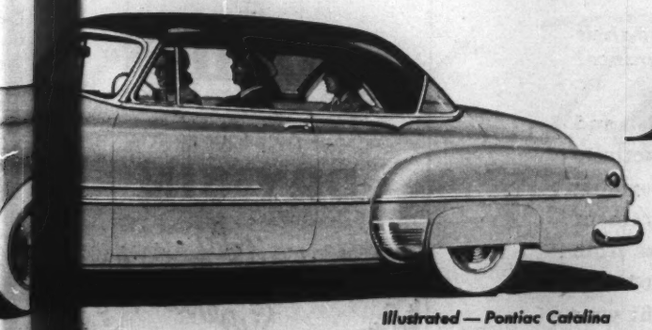

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I F U L T H I N G O N W H E E L S

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

is a feeling that what they see on the screen not only could but did happen to someone, and is not purely a product of a writer's imagination."

At the end of his second year at Westmount High School in Montreal, Mark spent the summer vacation in California and decided to remain there. He completed high school in San Diego, then enrolled at the University of California in Los Angeles.

His law studies lost out to the movie business after he worked part-time in the Fox Studio property department in 1932. The following year, he landed a permanent job with RKO. He began as a film editor and, by 1940, worked his way up to directing. His late editorial credits covered such cheerless chores as, "The Cat People", "Leopard Man" and "I Walked With A Zombie". At first, his directing was confined to similar shockers — "The Seventh Victim", "Isle of the Dead" and "Bedlam".

"The studio never really cared what was going on in 'The Snake Pit', as our horror unit was called," Robson relates. "Later, though, when I wanted to try something better, I found that the big stars wouldn't accept me as a director, because of my former association with ghouls."

Until the early part of the year 1949 BC (Before "Champion") his choicest assignment had been "Roughshod". This uninspired screenplay did have a fairly good cast and was 56 days in production—the longest he had ever worked on one film. The turning point was "Champion", made in less than half the time. The difference in the two pictures, he explains, was that the fight film, at long last, gave him an opportunity to come to grips with *people*. Producer Stanley Kramer's initial confidence in the 36-year-old director was further borne out when Mark made "Home of the Brave", another picture that was small in budget but big at the box-office.

After it, there were many top stars willing to be directed by Robson. Producer Sam Goldwyn signed him to a gold-plated, long-term contract and Mark directed "My Foolish Heart" and "Edge of Doom" for him. He was then lent to Universal for "Bright Victory", later returning to the Goldwyn lot to handle "I Want You", starring Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire, Farley Granger and Peggy Dow. Between contractual commitments, he directs for his own company, Aspen Productions, so named because he decided to form it (together with director Robert Wise, another "Snake Pit" graduate) while skiing at Aspen, Colorado.

"We're looking for a good, dramatic story we can film in Canada," he says. "We already have one to be made in New Zealand. I also hope to do Gwethalyn Graham's Canadian story, 'Earth and High Heaven'. Sam owns the movie rights to it and I'll raise quite a row if he assigns it to any other director."

Last fall, the Robsons went on their first vacation in 18 years, most of which was spent on Vancouver Island. Mark hopes to holiday in the Dominion again this year with his wife, Sara, and their three daughters—Judy, 10, Martha, 8 and Jeannie, 3. Mrs. Robson accompanied him on the initial Pacific jaunt and he plans to combine business with pleasure as much as possible in the future.

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—Frances Barton

CORE HIGH WITH STRAWBERRY-PINEAPPLE AMBROSIA: Combine shredded coconut with sliced strawberries and cut ineapple. Sweeten and flavor with lemon or lime juice, as desired. Then serve in the hollowed-out pineapple shells.

Quick Tricks

for Summer Dining

by Marjorie Thompson Flint

SOMETHING COLD: Empty consommé (2 cans) into a bowl and chill until partially set. Then stir in ¼ cup finely chopped tomato. Refrigerate until completely jellied. Garnish with lemon wedges. Serve in chilled cups.

For *Chicken Curry soup* add ¼ tsp. (or more) curry powder to contents 2 cans condensed cream of chicken soup. Mix well, then slowly blend in 2 soup cans milk. Chill 4 hours. Sprinkle chopped chives on top. Serve in chilled bowls.

To serve with soup or salad: Split French or crusty rolls in half. Dip in a mixture of half cream and milk (½ cup for 6 rolls), then in grated sharp cheese (1/3 cup). Place under broiler until golden brown. Serve immediately.

SOMETHING HOT: *A Bisque* (hot and satisfying): Combine contents 1 can condensed cream of green pea soup, 1 can tomato soup and 2 soup cans light cream. Add crabmeat from one 7 oz. can. Heat, season, and serve.

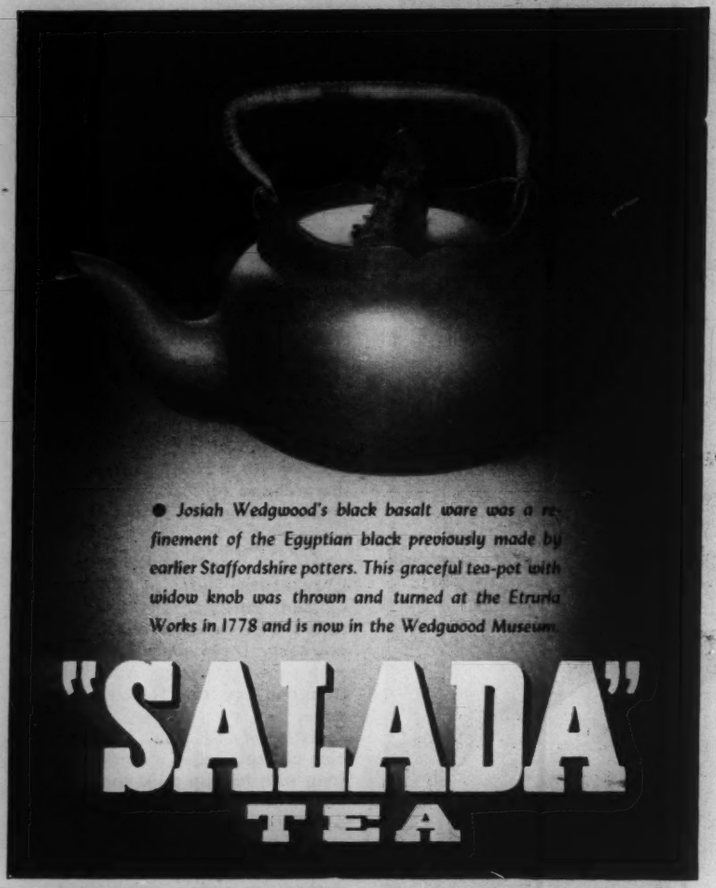
Extended Chicken Curry: Combine contents 1 can cream of chicken soup with ½ cup milk and ½-1 tsp. curry powder. Add 1 cup diced cooked chicken and heat over hot water. Season to taste. Serve with Currant Rice: Cook 1½ cups precooked rice and ¼ cup washed currants or raisins as directed on package. Add 1 tbsp. butter. Serve with curry accompaniments such as peanuts, crisp bacon bits and chutney.

Corned Beef Patties: Chop up contents of a 12 oz. can of corned beef and mix with 1½ cups drained whole kernel or cooked corn. Add to this 1 egg well beaten, ½ cup bread crumbs and 2 tsp. dry mustard. Shape into 8 patties and fry in melted butter or margarine until brown on both sides. Serve with lots of chili sauce.

SOMETHING SWEET: *Frosted Apple Cream:* Whip ½ cup heavy cream until like soft custard. Add ¼ tsp. cinnamon and 2 tbsps. sugar. Stir in a 20 oz. can of applesauce (2 cups) until the mixture just looks streaky. Spoon into refrigerator tray and chill in freezing compartment at normal setting until mixture holds its shape but isn't frozen.

Fruit Cup: Choose plump red berries or sweet black cherries. Add cubed canned pineapple and pour on some orange juice. Serve icy cold.

Tops for Ice Cream: Heat contents of a 9 oz. can crushed pineapple with ¾ cup brown sugar until sugar is dissolved. Add lemon juice to taste and chill . . . For flavored whipped cream add instant cocoa or coffee before whipping the cream. Serve on vanilla, chocolate or coffee ice cream . . . To make a crunchy topping, melt 2 tsp. butter, add 1/3 cup chopped nuts or coconut. Stir with a fork until lightly browned. Add 1/3 cup finely crushed cereal flakes and ¼ cup brown sugar. Stir until mixed. Cool. Makes about ¾ cup.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IN THE EVENT that you haven't already recognized them, we'll tell you that the expressive eyes and eyebrows in the photograph above, are those of Princess Margaret.

But, even though you may have been unable to name the owner of the lovely eyes, you probably noted that her brows have been permitted to retain their natural line and thickness . . . a characteristic of all the ladies of the Royal family. In fact, two Elizabeths—our own Queen Elizabeth and movie star Elizabeth Taylor—are pointed to by a beauty authority as the likely inspiration of a new fashion just coming in for frankly thicker, softer eyebrows.

It's one fashion which, with the slightest assistance, can safely be left to Nature if the lady has been generous enough to bestow well-shaped brows upon you in the first place. However, a little artifice is not amiss if your eyebrows are not up to much, and some skilful work with an eyebrow pencil will make it impossible for your public to tell where nature leaves off and you begin.

Trick is to darken only the hairs of your brows, not the skin beneath them. Your eyebrow pencil should never touch your skin unless you have extremely sparse or ragged brows, or unless they fail to extend the ideal quarter inch beyond the outer corners of your eyes. In such cases, it will naturally be necessary for you to fill in the gaps. But in doing so, continue to use tiny light feather-strokes and, when you've finished, take your finger and blend the strokes together.

This will be especially effective if you use two shades of pencil, either black and dark brown or dark brown and light brown.

DINNER INVITATION

THE CAREFREE GUEST

by Isabel Morgan

"COME TO DINNER!" Helen's invitation, over the telephone, sounds like the promise of wonderful things.

"I'd be dejected," I wish I could respond. "I think it's detestable of you to ask me." But since the invitation of a friend is practically a command performance, I resist the temptation.

I turn to consult my husband. "Are we free on the twelfth, for Helen's dinner party?"

"Plato says no man is free," he sighs.

"We'll be there," I tell Helen. The lightness of my tone is matched only by the heaviness of my spirits.

It isn't Helen, it's the dinner party that rings a knell. Merely in theory, my husband is allergic to such invitations. My allergy is a specific, practical one.

Why should I be starry-eyed about a dinner party? Do I get out of preparing a meal? Certainly not! My children still expect to eat. And whatever their menu, they always manage to look like the children a self-centred mother forgot.

My son, in particular, wears an injured air. "A fine thing," Geoff grumbles. "We get hot dogs and baked beans while you go out and gorge on caviar."

Little Nan, momentarily diverted from her meat pattie, delivers an order, "Don't go!"

"You happen to be eating your favorite food," I point out to my son. "Besides, I made you a banana cream pie for dessert."

"You're too good to that ingrate." My elder daughter, Carol, turns sternly to her brother. "You ought to encourage mother's going out!"

"Don't go!" Nan has bolted her food so she can run and cling to my turquoise silk with her juicy fingers.

Carol pries her away. "Who needs mother," she scoffs, swinging Nan up high. "We're big! After we wash the dishes, we'll make houses out of cookies boxes."

"O yeah!" Geoff pushes a jealous jaw into Carol's face. My imminent departure usually brings out the worst in him. "You said you'd play electric football with me. Don't you forget it!"

"How detestable can you be!" Carol asks with scientific detachment.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

ARIS FASHION SHOW

I STILL DREAM OF *BALLADE*

y Kathleen Strange

ONE THING I particularly wanted to do while in Paris was to o to a showing at one of the *haute uturiers. Haute couture* prices, I alized, were for the most part way eyond my means. But who knew? *might* see something I could af- rd. A bargain, perhaps? And what ore wonderful than to bring home Paris gown with a "big name" tag!

A new Parisian friend, the Marquis M., escorted me to a showing one cent afternoon. I fancy he receives comfortable commission for every ying customer he takes to that par- ular *haute couturier* but I'm afraid turned out to be a dead loss.

We entered the establishment rough an elaborately grilled front or and ascended a wide, deeply rpeted staircase. The *décor* was y and gold. In a large, softly light- room, furnished with grey chairs holstered in gold, we were greeted a *vendeuse* who showed us to ts and handed us programs, ra- r like old-fashioned dance cards. There were surprisingly few peo- present. Mostly women, of assort- ages, shapes and sizes, all of them pensively dressed. One particular man, who bulged in all the wrong ces, and who must have been at st 75 years old, later ordered a rgeous gown that cost 120,000 ncs (about $360 our money). w I would have loved that dress self!

Promptly at 3:30 the showing be- . Through a wide archway, draped h gray and gold satin, came the t mannequin, a tall, lovely-look- girl, with dark, sleek hair cut in horse's tail style. She posed for a ment in the archway and in a tallic voice announced the name and number of the model she wore.

It was an exceedingly smart suit in very dark gray wool, plain but beautifully cut. The whole outfit, skirt included, was lined with pure silk, specially dyed to match the material from which the suit was made. The mannequin walked swiftly to the centre of the room (they all walked, I noticed, very fast), pirouetted to display the lines of the model, walked back and forth in front of the customers for a second or two, and then disappeared.

ANOTHER MANNEQUIN immediately took her place, this time a slender blonde, with very short hair cut in wind-blown style, and with eyes slanting upwards at the corners—a new fashion in Paris for which there is special surgery, I understand. This mannequin wore stiff black taffeta, slim-waisted, full-skirted. The next one had a poodle cut, the dark ends of her curly hair being tipped with white, like a silver fox. She modelled a charming dress of black and white shantung, its only trimming a huge sash that could be worn either around the waist or as a stole.

The three mannequins made quick changes from one suit to another and from one gown to another for over an hour, ending up with a display of magnificent evening robes costing many thousands of dollars apiece. (Such dresses could surely only be worn at gala affairs. Indeed, the great problem with most of them would be: how to sit down?)

If one was interested in a certain model, one could call the mannequin over and examine the garment more closely. I specially liked one model—*Ballade*. It was a dark gray, beautifully cut afternoon dress of dark gray wool. It had big, diagonal pockets set well back on the hips as its only trimming.

I ventured to ask the price. The *vendeuse* consulted her little book. Ah, that one was 90,000 francs ($270), she said. *"C'est charmante, madame, n'est ce pas?"*

I TRIED TO APPEAR nonchalant. Yes, it was very nice, I agreed. But perhaps a little severe for me. Those big pockets, for instance? But no, I was assured, it was the very thing for my own *petite* style. Well, then, I protested, somewhat faintly, a little expensive? Expensive? The *vendeuse* looked horrified. Why, this was one of their cheaper models, I must know. And regard the workmanship, the line! Completely vanquished, I examined the dress again and mentally reviewed my remaining traveller's cheques. Could I *possibly* afford it?

Mademoiselle la vendeuse, assured me that the dress could be mine, made to measure, in less than two weeks. "Come, we shall measure you this very minute," she said. And before I knew what was happening to me, I had been whisked into a fitting room, also draped in gray and gold, and a fussy little Frenchman, wearing a mass of pins in his coat lapel like a rosette, was running me over with a tape measure. All the time he talked to me in voluble French, not one word of which I understood. I murmured *"Oui, monsieur,"* and *"Non, monsieur,"* at what I fondly hoped were appropriate intervals, praying that I wasn't committing myself to anything inevitable.

I finally got out of the place by promising to telephone when I would be ready to give a definite order and arrange for a first fitting. I'm afraid that they are still waiting for that telephone call!

Truth is, business is none too good at this moment in the great fashion world. Prices are far too high for most people, especially for the French themselves, and even the rich Americans, who come to France with their pockets stuffed with dollars which they are itching to spend, are more canny in their buying than heretofore.

THERE HAS been talk of recent years of New York and Hollywood outranking Paris as the world's fashion centre. Now Italy is in the news, too. One feels, however, that Paris will never be completely ousted from her position of top place. There is something in the very air of Paris—the tradition of centuries of love of beauty, an unblemished reputation for originality of design and perfection of workmanship.

No, I haven't bought myself a Paris dress yet. The way things are at the moment I'll probably have to be content with a hat or a pair of gloves. But I still dream of *Ballade*.

GUEST

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Children," I admonish.

Don't worry," my daughter thes me. "I can handle Gar- tua!"

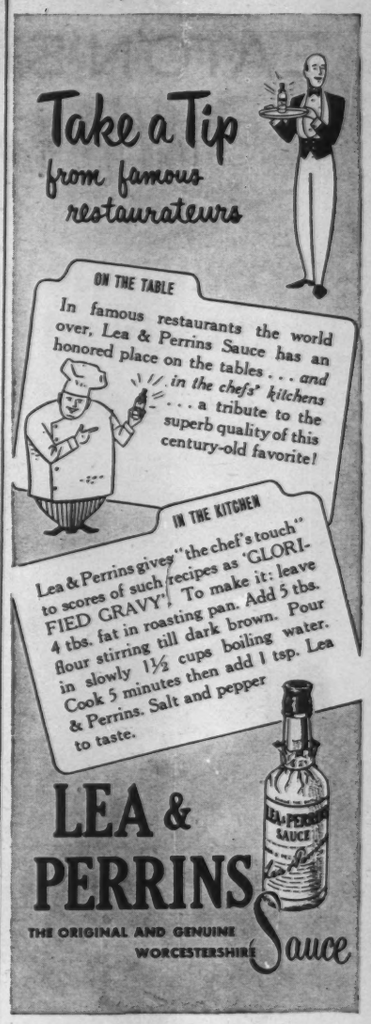
Don't go!" my toddler wails.

I'm hungry," my husband an- nces as he enters the room and s viciously into a celery stalk. "I ys die of starvation before a din- party. I wish you wouldn't pt any more invitations. I'm a ture of habit. My inner man es food at the usual hour."

Come creature," I say reassuring- "let's get out of here before we the children."

Let's go!" By his tone, it's to the otine. I turn back at the door- to see a tableau of my son, the istible force, my daughter, the ovable object, and Chicken Little stunned to run and tell the king sky is falling.

ostess, here come your carefree ts!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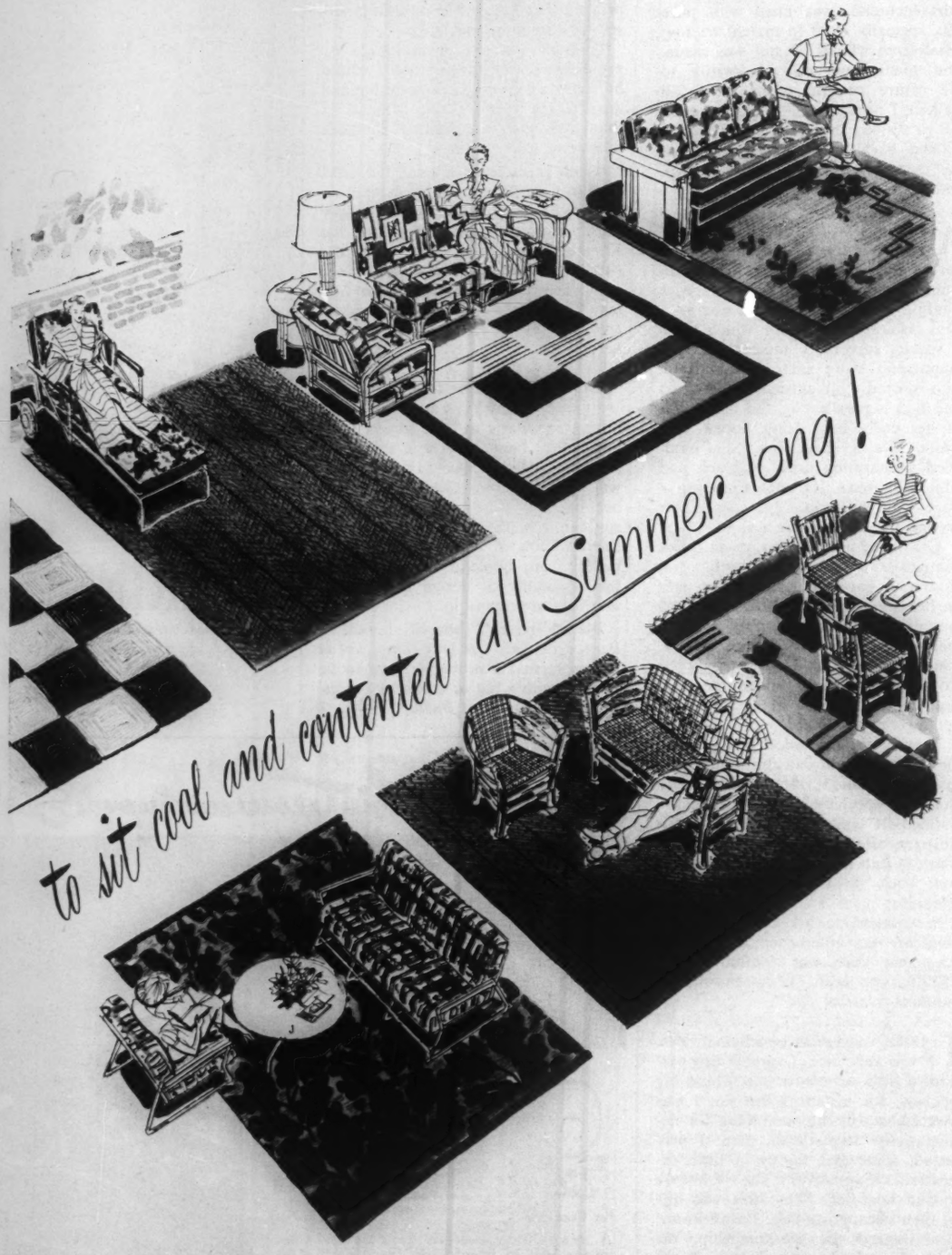

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COMMENT

THAT MAN AGAIN

by Bernice Coffey

ARE WOMEN the more romantic sex? No, says Dr. Kinsey, in his soon to be published report "Sexual Behavior in the Human Female".

After getting replies to the most intimate questions about their private lives from 6,500 women of all ages and types, he submits that the vast majority of women are prepared—if not almost eager—to dispense with "glamorous experience" for years at a time . . . that women find it difficult to give up their ideas about right and wrong . . . that women are less interested in a "variety of partners" than men—they find it incomprehensible that so many men should look for sexual relations with women other than their wives . . . that even "women of easy virtue" are "emotional icebergs".

Someone has said that a woman who would tell her age would tell anything. It would be interesting to learn where Dr. Kinsey found 6,500 of them.

ABOUT FASHIONS for the coming season, we hear that . . .

Grey is the neutral expected to replace beige for fall.

The "Coronation" theme has been seized on by designers avid for new ideas in a season of few style changes.

Plaids are out of the running. New emphasis is on two-tone or iridescent checks in small and large versions of silk repp or taffeta.

A Canadian manufacturer has given his fall shades such titillating names as Sea Chest (deep, rich brown), Tintype (rust), Plum Pudding, Old Gilt, Benedictine, Purple Plume, Red Leather.

"INSANE" AND "ASYLUM". How long is it since you have heard anyone use these words? The fact that they have dropped out of common usage is an encouraging indication of our more enlightened attitude towards those who are mentally ill. And the change has taken place in a comparatively short period, too.

Writing in *Canada's Health and Welfare*, Dr. Clarence M. Hincks says that thirty-four years ago, insanity was usually looked upon as a disgrace and not as a disease; mentally ill patients were treated, frequently, as if they were sub-human—as if they would not respond to kindly individual attention. We were living in an era when man practised inhumanity to man, as far as the insane were concerned. In 1918, there was only one mental health clinic in the whole country, and there were only two special classes for retarded children in the country. There was little or no training or research in what, today, has become an important branch of the medical profession.

Perhaps the good old days were good, but today is better.

FIVE MORE GIRLS are on their way to Japan as reinforcements for the Canadian Red Cross Welfare team already serving there.

IGHTER SIDE

GOOD OLD WEDDING HOME

y Mary Lowrey Ross

"WHY this Craigview Manor?" Mr. Porter demanded.

"Well you can hardly accommodate two hundred and fifty ests in a house this size," Mrs. Potter pointed out. "It's the loveliest old ace," she went on quickly, "twenty-ur rooms, and terraces and all the aircases with big landings and ained glass windows—"

"A bride ought to be married from r own home," Mr. Potter said, "she oesn't need to rent a mortgaged lace."

"Marilyn is to be married in the urch," Mrs. Potter said. "Craigview anor is just for the reception. After l it's the greatest day in Marilyn's e."

The wedding came at the crest of e heat wave. An hour before the remony Mr. Potter was still waiting dress. It was the greatest day in arilyn's life and she was spending exorbitant amount of it in the throom. It occurred to Mr. otter that presently he ould have the bathroom to mself. It was the first glim-er of satisfaction that had one through the costly eliminaries of the wedding. An hour later he stood be-re the altar with Marilyn's nd on his arm. In dressing had deliberately split the ck of his unaccommodat-g waistcoat and now under the gaze the two hundred and fifty he was as rningly aware of the gap between s shoulders as though it actually owed. Also his feet hurt. He glanced ickly at Marilyn's flushed face and wncast eyes and for the first time t a pang of fatherly solicitude. Then was all over and they were moving a rustle of nylon towards the vestry.

ATER when he and Mrs. Potter arrived for the reception they und the entrance to Craigview anor solidly blocked with cars. ou go on in and I'll join you in minutes when I find a place to rk," he said.

But ten minutes later he was hope-sly lost. He followed a merry wed-g party up the vast staircase, only discover that it was another party d the wrong bride. He descended stairs, wandered down a passage-y and came to a door opening on bed-sitting room.

A large man sat there in his shirt-eves reading the paper, with a cold nded glass of beer on the table ide him. The little scene was com-tely relaxed and masculine and for moment Mr. Potter hung fascinated. en he said, "I'm looking for the ter wedding."

"State ballroom, first floor rear," occupant said, and added sympa-tically, "hot night."

"I'll say," said Mr. Potter, swiftly politely withdrawing his gaze m the glass of beer.

"Care for a glass of beer?" the other said courteously.

In the state ballroom rear there would be nothing served but fruit punch. "It would save my life," Mr. Potter said, and coming in he parted his coat-tails and sat down.

The beer was ice-cold and foaming. He sipped it gratefully. "This your place?" he asked after a moment.

"Well it used to be the family place," his host said. "I'm getting it back piece by piece."

One of the pieces, Mr. Potter reflected, was being contributed by himself. He settled back. "You know my own feeling is a bride should be married in her own home," he said.

HIS HOST shook his head. "You take the modern home, everything in it is strictly functional," he said, "and that generally means that there's no room in it for the three great human functions: birth, marriage and death."

Mr. Potter nodded. The conversation struck him as both lucid and deep. "I was born in my parents' home," he said, "married in my wife's parents' home, and I hope to be buried from my own."

"You won't be," his host said, not unsympathetically. "You'll probably be buried from a funeral home."

Mr. Potter nodded glumly. "You get many brides?" he asked after a pause.

"More than I can handle in the season," his host said.

"The way I look at it is this," he went on. "This house was built in the romantic tradition — towers, battlements, terraces, that sort of thing. Any bride, I don't care how she's built, is in the romantic tradition. I just bring the two together."

Mrs. Potter appeared suddenly in the doorway. "Howard!" she cried, "For Heaven's sake!"

Mr. Potter got up hurriedly. "State ballroom at the rear," the other said, "just keep turning right."

"For *Heaven's* sake," Mrs. Potter said. "I've been looking everywhere. And you down drinking beer with the janitor."

"That was the owner," Mr. Potter said.

"Well for Heaven's *sake,*" said Mrs. Potter.

THE reception line formed up before a vast marble mantle-piece. Mr. Potter's gaze went about the stately room, taking in the crystal chandelier and the parquet flooring. Beyond the open windows and the rear terrace he could hear the splash of a fountain. "Well we're certainly giving the kid a good sendoff," he said.

"Yes it was a sweet wedding," Mrs. Potter said. "No, not a bit nervous. . . Howard, for Heaven's sake!"

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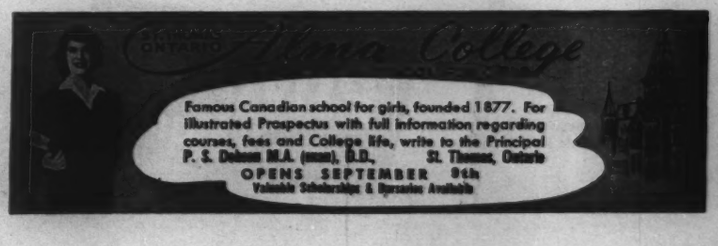
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THE QUEBEC OF THE VISITORS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

maintained down in the Gaspé, that peninsula which juts out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence like a hitchhiker's thumb. It is rolling, rugged country, and the tiny villages huddled here and there at the base of the cliffs might be Breton fishing towns of another day. Certainly the odd-looking two-masted fishing boats have a European look, and so do the stages where the codfish are left to dry in the sun, and the racks where handmade fish nets festoon the beach.

Up the Saguenay River, great wooded capes of sombre majesty look down on the broad, deep stream, and river boat passengers feel they are venturing up some lonely Norwegian fjord. At the head of the Saguenay, Lac St. Jean receives the waters of the Peribonka. It was the Peribonka valley which was the scene of Louis Hémon's moving story of Habitant life, "Maria Chapdelaine." The Lac St. Jean area, too, is the jumpoff base for bush flyers working into Ungava and the Labrador, whose riches are just being developed.

Representative of yet another era of early Québec history is the section known as the Eastern Township, lying east of Montréal between the St. Lawrence River and the borders of New York, Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire. There are green, fertile farmlands, and rolling country with wooded hills and mountains, and rich in trout streams and quiet lakes. United Empire Loyalists who would live under none but the British flag deserted the American colonies of New England after 1776 and transferred their shops and homesteads to the placid Eastern Township of Québec.

Similarly, French colonists a few years earlier disdainfully moved away from the citadel of Québec when the English conquerors of 1759 took over, and settled down in the Townships, amicably enough, alongside the political refugees from America. Their descendants are just as friendly, and the Townships have a singular charm,

—CPR

PIONEER COLONIAL WINDMILL

and both French and English are spoken in the busy industrial towns and in the farming centres.

The Habitants of a widely-publicized part of Québec have found a real bonanza in Nature's gift, the Laurentian Mountains just north of Montréal. Visitors from the United States and Europe flock to the elegant Laurentian resorts for both summer and winter vacations, and yet a less wealthy class of visitor is quite content to put up at one of the inexpensive family "pensions" in a Laurentian village, where travellers can improve their French and really get to know the quiet-spoken, simple people of the soil who really typify Québec.

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BRAIN-TEASER

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

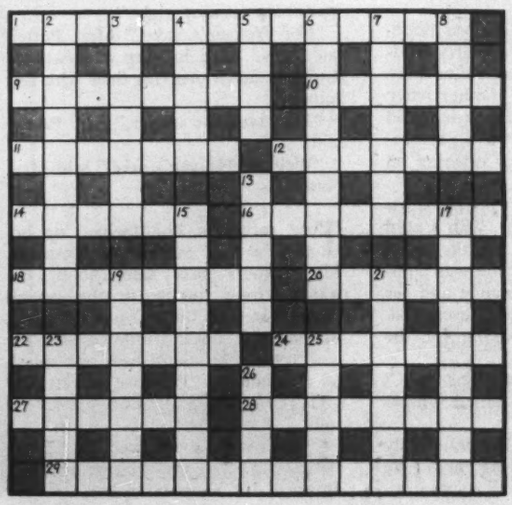
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. A staggering desertion! (4,2,3,5)
9. But he still has a right to be shaken. (8)
10. Giordano's opera hat. (6)
11. The manicurist gets half-moony working on this. (7)
12. Give in gamely. (7)
14. Two were burning bright, in the forests of the night. (6)
16. He may take a notion to tilt. (8)
18. Start about ten to dig in. (8)
20. One might expect this call from Atlee. (6)
22. Welcome a couple of hundred to sort mail. (7)
24. An important call for the cop! (7)
27. The perfect fish for a fish flat, complete with ice. (6)
28. Kind of development associated with policemen? (8)
29. A bull's-eye? Not left on the organ, surely! (5,2,3,4)

DOWN

2. That which caused a loss of heads, loses its own. (9)
3. Little birds, the rodents are after one of you! (7)
4. The state of Everest. (5)
5. This show place has no room to move in. (4)
6. It's not right to make a hash of them. (9)
7. Upset Clara and I'd turn red. (7)
8. This ruler's "step"-daughter was given her head. (5)
13. See 25
15. Al and Tommy were attached to J. M. Barrie's. (9)
17. A Scotsman as compared with a Scotsman's hame. (9)
19. The pin to appeal to pin-up girls? Most unlikely! (7)
21. Certainly not a "13", 23, yet it is the 13th 23 for a 7. (7)
23. When a collaborator makes ends meet. (9)
25 and 13. Going straight, but not entirely in the right. (10)
26. A 23ed kind of bow. (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. 6 across. Out of this world
9. Propeller
10. Optic
11. Niggard
12. Pig iron
13. Anthony
15. Deirdre
17. Aquatic
20. Dragons 22. Outcast
24. Amulets 27. Thing
28. 6 across. Its a small world
29. Event
30. 6 across. Dead to the world

DOWN

1. Orpen 2. Thought
3. Freda 4. Holiday
5. Striped 6. Wrong
7. Retired 8. Decanter
13. 6 across. A man of the world
14. Oft 16. Ira
18. Untwine
19. Catbird
20. Dead Sea
21. Overact
23. Argot
25. Upset
26. Solve

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No. 4 Personnel Depot, 772 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal, P.Q.
No. 5 Personnel Depot, Artillery Park, Bagot St., Kingston, Ont.
No. 6 Personnel Depot, East Sunnybrook Park, Bayview Ave., Toronto, Ont.
No. 7 Personnel Depot, Wolseley Barracks, Elizabeth St., London, Ont.
No. 8 Personnel Depot, Fort Osborne Barracks, Winnipeg, Man.
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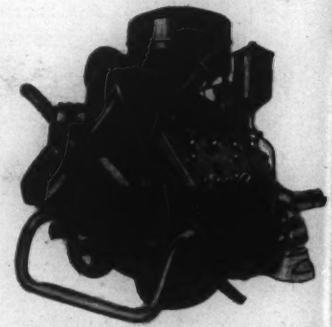

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